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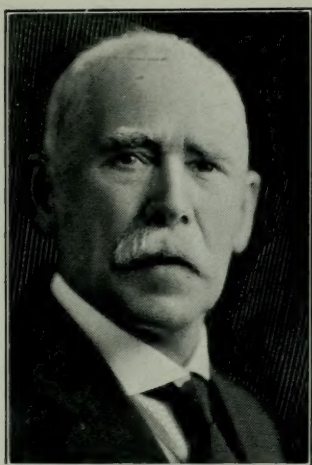
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Vancouver B.C. July 10-1933


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Dr. Newton Wolverton



REV. DOCTOR NEWTON WOLVERTON, B.A., L.L.D.
1846 - 1932

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Dr. Newton Wolverson

*An intimate anecdotal biography of one
of the most colorful characters
in Canadian History*

By
A. N. WOLVERTON

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Ancestry of Newton Wolverton

Extract from Family Records edited by A. N. Wolverton

- (1) CHARLES WOOLVERTON—A Quaker Immigrant from England to America, 1682.
 B—1660-1665 (About) in England.
 M—1697—Mary Chadwick, dau. of John and Elizabeth Chadwick.
 D—1746—Hunterdon County, "Province of West Jersey" (N.J.).

- (2) JOEL WOOLVERTON—8th child of Charles of England (Bible Record).
 B—1715—In Hunterdon County, "West Jersey".
 M—Elizabeth.
 D—1795—In New Jersey.

9 Ch. named in Will, probated 1795.

(3a) GABRIEL WOOLVERTON

B—
 M—Catherine Murray (dau. of English Army Officer)
 D—

(3) CHARLES WOOLVERTON

B—
 M—Effie Nailer, dau. of Robt. Nailer (Pa. Dutch).
 D—

(4a) ELIZABETH WOOLVERTON (one of 9)

B—1774—in New Jersey.
 M—Robert Wolverton (4).
 D—1863—Near London, "Canada West".

- (4) ROBERT WOOLVERTON—Dropped one "o" from name (one of 8 ch.).
 B—1771—In New Jersey.
 M—1798—Elizabeth Woolverton, his cousin (4a).
 D—1855—At Wolverton, "Canada West".

(5) ENOS WOLVERTON (sixth child of nine).

B—1810—Cayuga County, N.Y.
 M—1834—Harriet Newel Towl (of County of Windham, Vermont). D—1856 at Wolverton, "Canada West".
 M—(2)—Miriam Neridia Cline (1858). D—1861, in Walsingham, "Canada West".
 M—(3)—1863—Margaret Sabina Bogart.
 D—1893—At Wolverton, Ontario.

—AUTHORITIES—

(4a) and (4)—Mrs. Eliza Dawson, Sister of (5) (1870) and Gen'l W. D. Wolverton, Great Grandson of (3a) (1897).

- (6) SILAS NEWTON WOLVERTON (youngest of 7) (Early dropped the name "Silas").
 B—1846—Blenheim Twp., Oxford Co., "Canada West".
 M—1879—Bella Cowie (dau. John Cowie). D—1890, Woodstock, Ont. (3 children).
 M—1893—Frances Lucy Matthews, dau. of Geo. Matthews (5 children).
 D—1932—Vancouver, B. C.

Dr. Newton Wolverton

An intimate anecdotal biography of one of the most colorful characters in Canadian History.

BY A. N. WOLVERTON



So many more or less inaccurate reports have appeared in the current Press anent the really wonderful character and career of Doctor Wolverton, who passed on to a greater sphere of eternal activity on January 31st, 1932; and so many of his thousands of friends have written for reliable information regarding his life and works, that it seems appropriate that his eldest son should record a few intimate details of the Doctor's unusually long and complete life for the benefit of the family and a host of friends.

Therefore this little memoir is lovingly dedicated to the memory of a wonderful father, whose name will always be intimately associated with the development of the Dominion of Canada through nearly three quarters of a century, and particularly in Educational and Baptist Denominational spheres.

ANCESTRY

The Wolverton family is of very ancient lineage, appearing frequently in old English records, particularly in the Domesday Book, as far back as the 13th century and possibly much farther than that.

Prior to about 1650, the name was variously spelled, and indeed it is only necessary to go back some hundred and forty years to note at least one change.



Three hundred years ago education was far from universal and it is conjectured that the first words set down when one first learned to write would naturally be one's Christian and Surnames. One would write his name as it sounded to him, but possibly his own cousin would spell it in a different way, the way it sounded to him.

In any event, in very old records the name appears as WOLVERTON, WOOLVERTON and WOLFERTON. The oldest spelling, however, appears to have been WOLFRE-TON, and the derivation of that spelling is said to have been due to the fact that William the Conqueror, after the conquest of England, in 1066, apportioned out grants of land among his faithful followers, and to one of them, named Sir Ralph, he gave a tract of land in the Isle of Wight in which was situated a small Saxon fortified town named WOLFRE (probably spelled in ancient Saxon VOLFRE). Hence Sir Ralph of the fortified town (ton) of Wolfre or Sir Ralph de Wolfre-ton. Whether or not this derivation is accurate, records have been found of another Sir Ralph de Wolfre-ton, a descendant, in the latter part of the 13th century, as contributing two bow-men to the defense of the island. However a collateral record names the contributor of those two bow-men as Sir Ralph de Woolverton.

Still other records in the Isle of Wight go into detail as follows: "Near Black-gang in the Parish of St. Lawrence is 'Old Woolverton', a building so old that it puzzles the antiquary. The name 'Woolverton House' is discernable on the gate posts, while at Shorewell, near Chale, is a very ancient stone house called the 'Woolverton Manor House'. Here lived in the 14th century Sir Ralph de Woolverton. At Woolverton Undercliff may be seen the remains of a Chapel built by Sir Ralph de Woolverton in 1370."

It would appear from such records that the name had been changed by Sir Ralph himself from Wolfre-ton to Woolverton.

Another purely traditional derivation of the name is that



the family seat more than a thousand years ago was near Wolverhampton, and that the name of the family was intimately connected with the founders of that city. In Wolverhampton, the claim is made that that city was named after a Saxon Princess named VULVER, or WULVUR, which would not necessarily contradict the suggestion that this family came down from the Princess who ruled that neighborhood more than a thousand years ago.

There is a station on the Sandringham Estate named WOLFERTON, and in 1912, the King commanded that a sign post be erected commemorating the tradition of the origin of the name. I have a photograph of that post. The tradition which was commemorated was that the name is of ancient Norse origin. An official description (1912) follows:

"A Royal Signpost, erected by command of the King, by the road-side opposite Wolferton Station. It is crowned by a device in oak, carved, painted and gilded, depicting the story of Fenrir, the mythological wolf of the old Norsemen, after which it is claimed Wolferton was named a thousand years ago. The device depicts Tyr, in his golden armour, trying to wrench his arm from the jaws of a wolf."

There is a town called Wolverton in Middle England, and six or seven parishes of the name in various parts of England. A number of well-known families, some spelling the name "Wolverton" and some "Woolverton", trace back about two hundred years but no farther. Fraser Woolverton occupied Stafford Hall and made his will in 1492 and his grandson Humphrey Woolverton followed, but left no record of his family.

Many branches of the family in the United States and Canada trace back to (1) CHARLES WOOLVERTON, who came to America in 1682. Charles was a Quaker. There was little religious liberty in England and either at the suggestion of Charles' friends George Fox and William Penn, or perhaps in their company, Charles sailed from Dorset-



shire for the new land. There is a well established tradition that he brought along with him his two brothers Gabriel and John, but if so, no records have ever been discovered regarding these brothers. Charles' great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Woolverton, who married her cousin Robert Wolverton, July 21, 1798, and who died March 23, 1863, took great delight in telling her children and grand-children of the olden time when Charles, Gabriel and John came to America and founded the family. She always named the three brothers in the same order.

Charles Woolverton settled in Long Island and lived there for some years, undetermined how long, but tradition mentions the year 1689 as the date of his removal to Burlington County, 'Province of West Jersey,' where it is recorded that on August 20th, 1693, he bought a hundred acres of land from William Biddle. That deed named the purchaser as 'Charles Woolverton of the County of Burlington, Province of West Jersey, Husbandman'.

Charles Woolverton married Mary Chadwick, daughter of John and Elizabeth Chadwick (said to be from Virginia) about 1696 or 1697.

Charles bought 1665 acres of land in Amwell Township, Hunterdon County, "Province of West Jersey" on March 2, 1714, which is the earliest record of his residence in Hunterdon County. This land was also bought from William Biddle, with whom he appears to have carried on much trading during many years residence in "Jersey". This purchase was a very beautiful tract of land lying along the banks of the Delaware River, some of which is still owned by his descendants. It is inferred that he moved to this property about 1714, and after that date very many records appear of his purchase and sale of lands. The Records of the Society of Friends (Quakers) mention his name frequently, and the Court Minutes, of 1721, name him "Justice of the Peace for Hunterdon County" equivalent today to Judge of the Supreme Court.

Charles Woolverton owned a very valuable family bible



which is still in existence and is owned by Rev. F. J. Tomlinson, Pittstown, N.J. It is a "Breeches Bible", and was printed in Geneva, Switzerland, on April 10, 1560, by Roland Hill and other eminent Protestants who were forced to leave England on account of religious persecution by Queen Mary. The Bible is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and calls upon her to avenge the wrongs done the Protestants during the reign of her predecessor. It is called a "Breeches Bible" because of the peculiar translation appearing in Genesis 3-7—"And they made unto themselves breeches out of fig leaves." The bible is valuable from an antiquarian point of view as well as being a priceless heirloom in the Woolverton family.

As will be seen from some of the original entries in the owner's own handwriting, this Bible was bequeathed to Charles' eldest son (Charles), but it appears to have passed out of the family at some time during the 18th century. A hundred years later it was purchased at an auction sale, and by the purchaser presented to an ancestor of Rev. F. J. Tomlinson, whose family is descended from Dinah Woolverton, who married Francis Tomlinson (Dinah being Charles' granddaughter through his son Dennis).

On the fly leaves left for family records appear the following important entries:

"Charles Woolverton, his book. I bought it of Hugh
"Huddy, of Burlington, and it cost thirty shillings."

"This book I give to my eldest son,
"God give him grace to use it,
"That he may give his heart and mind,
"Rightly for to use it.
"Whoever shall defraud him on it,
"Will violate my will,
"And he that wrongs the fatherless,
"Assuredly do ill.
"This caution in my life I wrote,
"Mistakes to prevent,



"And leave it in this holy book,
"A standing monument."

"January 17th, 1698, my son Charles was born."
"The first day of December in the year 1700 my son
Roger was born."

"March the 11th, 1702, my daughter Mary was born."

"March the 6th, 1704, my son Daniel was born."

"April the 24th, 1706, my son Isaac was born."

"January 26th, 1709, my son Dennis was born."

"March 26th, 1711, my daughter Dinah was born."

"May 31st, 1715, my son Joel was born."

"May 11th, 1717, my son Thomas was born."

"And this I give to my eldest son,
"That he may learn the just man's steps,
"When I am dead and gone.
"For in my life much love I had,
"To read this holy book,
"And therefore leave it to my son,
"That he may in it look.
"For 'tis the path the just man trod,
"This holy book leads to,
"And he that truly fears the Lord,
"The mysteries o' it shall know.
"God give the grace, my son,
"This book to look upon."

No further family records appear in this old bible with the exception of the birth of Dinah Woolverton, who was a daughter of Dennis (born 1709) and who was born in 1738. Perhaps this last entry was the reason for the recovery of the bible many years later and its presentation to Dinah's descendants, instead of to the descendants of Charles, the eldest son of the original owner, and to whose family the heirloom should naturally belong.

The last official record bearing Charles' own signature was dated June 13, 1737, but on July 29th, 1746, a deed was given by the "Son and Heir" Charles, in which document



are mentioned both father and son. It is therefore concluded that Charles Woolverton, the founder of the Woolverton (or Wolverton) Family in America, was born in England about 1660-1665, came to America in 1682, married Mary Chadwick about 1696-7, and died in Hunterdon County, (New) Jersey, 1746. All authenticated records of American and Canadian lines trace back to him.

(2) JOEL WOOLVERTON, the 8th child of Charles (of England) was born in 1715, in Hunterdon County (bible record). He married Elizabeth (surname unknown) about 1740, made his will in 1790 and died in 1795. His will named nine children—Job, GABRIEL, Joel, John, Andrew, CHARLES, Jane, Mary, Amy, in that order.

(3) CHARLES WOOLVERTON, sixth child of Joel, was born in Hunterdon County, exact date unknown. He married Effie Nailer, daughter of Robert Nailer (Pennsylvania Dutch) date unknown. Effie Nailer (Woolverton) lived to be 105 years old, but there is no record of the date of her death nor of the death of her husband.

(3a) GABRIEL WOOLVERTON, second child of Joel (2) and elder brother of Charles (3), was born in Hunterdon County, date unknown. He married Catherine Murray, daughter of an English Army Officer, date unknown.

Charles Woolverton (3) and Effie Nailer had eight children, ROBERT, Peter, Israel, Andrew, Betsey, Effie, Jane, Sarah, order and dates unknown except that Robert was born 1771, and Israel born 1770.

Gabriel Woolverton (3a) and Catherine Murray had either eight or nine children, of which one was ELIZABETH. (Authority Mrs. Eliza (Wolverton) Dawson, a daughter (born 1816, married 1834, died 1897).

Note:—Mrs. Eliza Dawson (nee Eliza-beth Wolverton) named the children of Gabriel and Catherine (Murray) Woolverton as follows: John, Joel, Jonas, Job, ELIZABETH, Amy, Anne, Rachel—notes given in 1870.



Asher B. Wolverton, Raven Rock, N. J., 1897, and his nephew, General W. D. Wolverton, Surgeon in the United States Army, named the children, according to old family records, as John, Joel, Jonas, Job, Gabriel, *another, name and sex unknown*, Amy, Anne, Rachel.

Mrs. Dawson dictated, 1870: "Robert's father was Charles and his grandfather was Joel. Charles had a brother Gabriel and another brother Joel. Joel the elder had a brother Charles. Robert's father, Charles, married Effie Nailer, daughter of Robert Nailer, a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Effie lived to be 105 years old. Elizabeth's mother was Catherine Murray, daughter of an English Army Officer. Catherine was a Quakeress and was suspended from "attending the meeting" for marrying out of the Society (of Friends). One of the girls of the family took her brother's gun out to the field and accidentally shot him. Robert came from Alleghany County (Pennsylvania ?) to marry his cousin."

(4) ROBERT WOLVERTON, son of Charles (3) and Effie Nailer, was born in Hunterdon County, N.J., 1771, married his cousin, Elizabeth Woolverton, daughter of Gabriel Woolverton and Catherine Murray, in 1798 (Marriage registered—Vol. 1, Page 53, Records of Hunterdon County, New Jersey) died 1855, at Wolverton, Canada West.

(4a) ELIZABETH (WOOLVERTON) WOLVERTON, daughter of Gabriel Woolverton and Catherine Murray, was born in Hunterdon County, (New) Jersey, 1774, married her cousin, Robert Wolverton, 1798, and died March 23rd, 1863, aged 89 years 3 months, at her daughter Lissa's home, near London, Canada West.

Robert's father Charles spelled his name with two "o's". So did Robert's Uncle Gabriel, who later became his father-in-law. But Gabriel's children, at least some of them, also dropped one "o", although other collateral branches of the family did not, and it is traditionally recorded that some family friction arose later in connection with the matter.

It has been suggested, but without the slightest authority, that the dropping of one "o" by certain members of the family co-incided in time with their breaking away from the Society of Friends. Robert's grand-father and great-grand-father were both very prominent Quakers. His father Charles and his Uncle Gabriel were doubtless brought up in the Quaker faith, but Gabriel must have resigned from the Society of Friends before marrying Catherine Murray, because she suffered expulsion from the Society for marrying outside. No members of the family can advance any reason for the dropping of that "o", but there is no doubt that Robert was born "Woolverton" and died "Wolverton." Elizabeth, his cousin, later his wife, of course automatically dropped the second "o" when she married Robert, in 1798. Robert's grandson, Newton, said (1897) that Robert dropped one "o" about the time of his marriage.

Elizabeth has always been remembered by her grandchildren, the last of whom has now passed on the person of Doctor Newton Wolverton, as a woman of marvelous memory for details and who loved to talk to her children and grand-children of the old days in "Jersey" and particularly of the days of the American Revolution. Before her marriage in 1798, she had frequently assisted her mother in entertaining General Washington and his officers, and General Bray, mentioned in American History as collecting the boats for the transport of Washington's army across the Delaware River at the Battle of Trenton, was a cousin by marriage.

It is not correct, as stated in some records, that this Branch of the family fled to Canada as United Empire Loyalists at the time of the American Revolution. One branch did so, settling in New Brunswick about 1783, but the branches which became so prominent in Ontario, did not cross the line until years later. Some of the family of Dennis Woolverton (that is, his descendants) crossed to Canada West about 1798 and settled near Grimsby in the Niagara peninsula, and incidentally, that branch always maintained the old spelling of the name with two "o's".



Robert Wolverton (4) who dropped one "o" from his name, and his wife, Elizabeth (Woolverton) Wolverton, had nine children, (authority, Bible Record) as follows: Catherine, Charles, Asa, John, Silas, ENOS, Amy, Elizabeth, Hiram. All were probably born in New York State except the last, Hiram, born in Ohio in 1819.

But little is known of Robert's life from the date of his marriage in New Jersey, in 1798 (Robert came from Alleghany County to marry his cousin Elizabeth) but it is on record that he went to New York State in 1804 and lived there in 1810. He is said to have worked periodically until he accumulated a little money, and then to have travelled about the country as an itinerant Baptist Preacher, and that is the first record of more than a century's intimate affiliation with the Baptist Denomination, by most branches of the family in both the United States and Canada.

Robert moved from New York State about 1817 (one record says 1807, obviously incorrect) to Eldridge, Huron County, Ohio. He operated a line of stages from Cleveland to Sandusky and his son ENOS drove one of those stages when he was a mere boy. Cleveland consisted of a tavern, a blacksmith shop, one small general store, and two houses. Land on what is now Superior Street could be bought for a few cents per acre. Two lots on what is now Euclid Avenue were offered to Enos for a pair of boots—but Enos only had one pair to his name, so he did not buy the lots.

Roads were bad, and in the operation of the stage line, also carrying mail, many streams had to be forded. In fording one of the streams flowing into the lake, the body of Enos' stage, with the rear wheels, floated away. The horses succeeded in reaching the bank and Enos clung to the harness and was saved with them. He rode the balance of the way to Sandusky which was merely a fort at that time.

Robert and part of his family, perhaps all of them, moved to Monroe County, Michigan, early in the spring of 1825. They crossed the State Line on the 23rd of March and all had the Ague. They boiled salt for a time near Saginaw, Mich.



(Other authorities state the salt boiling was done near Skanateles, New York State, much earlier, but this is probably incorrect, as Enos told his children that he never took his clothes off for three months when they were boiling salt—and Enos left New York State at seven years of age). Lima and Loraine County (Ohio?) have been mentioned as places of residence.

Robert and part of his family, including Enos, Asa, Amy and Elizabeth came to Canada in October, 1826, and settled on Governor's Road, then called Talbot Street, some miles east of Princeton, on the line between the Counties of Oxford and Brant, Canada West (now Ontario). He died at Wolverton, Canada West, 1855.

(5) ENOS WOLVERTON, son of Robert and Elizabeth Wo(o)lverton, was born in the township of Burton, Cayuga County, New York State, on April 18th, 1810, and came to Canada, with his father, in October, 1826.

Enos married Harriet Newel Towl (born March 16th, 1817, in the Township of Windham, County of Windham, Vermont) on December 24th, 1834. They walked to Elder Landon's house and were married by him (at Princeton, Canada West). Then they trudged off nearly twenty miles through the woods to a little log house that Enos had built, about three miles north of the present site of the Village of Wolverton, Township of Blenheim, County of Oxford, Ontario. They carried on their backs all that they had in the world. Of utensils they boasted two plates, two cups, two knives, two forks and two spoons. Every item of furniture was made by Enos with his own hands. (Harriet died in the Village of Wolverton on December 17, 1856).

From that time on, Enos began to take contracts for the opening up of roads in the new district, and accumulated rapidly until he was able to purchase a farm on the 5th concession of Blenheim Township, which he cleared, and where most of his family were born. There were born, either in the first log house, or in the better home built a few years later:



Roseltha, born November 3, 1835, married Jasper G. Goble, September 5th, 1858, died at Woodstock, Ont., about 1919.

Melissa, born May 15, 1837, married Heman P. Fitch, May 15th, 1856, died 1907.

Alfred Pillsbury, born June 16, 1838, died in the American War, of Smallpox (Washington, D. C.) April 24, 1863.

Daniel Kar, born January 25, 1840, died in the Township of Walsingham, Canada West, July 31, 1858.

Alonzo, born February 14th, 1841, married Helen McKay, 1870, died at Wolverton, Ont., August 27, 1925.

Jasper, born December 12, 1843. Died in the American War at Washington, D. C., October 12, 1861, of Typhoid Fever. Buried at Wolverton, Ont.

SILAS NEWTON born February 5th, 1846. Married Isabella Cowie (daughter of John and Eliza (Green) Cowie) of the County of Haldimand, Province of Ontario, July 23, 1879 (Bella died Oct. 4th, 1890, in Woodstock, Ontario); married (2) Frances Lucy Matthews, daughter of George and Ann Matthews, Lindsay, Ont., July 4th, 1893. Died in Vancouver, B. C., Canada, January 31, 1932.

(6) NEWTON WOLVERTON, born February 5, 1846, "early dropped the name Silas" according to Bible Record. In fact, it is doubtful whether he ever used it. Even some of his own children never knew of the name "Silas" until research of family records when he (Newton) was more than fifty years of age.

Such is the story, thoroughly authenticated, of the ancestry of one of the best educated and at the same time most practical characters in the Dominion of Canada, a man who for eighty-six years was intimately associated with the development of the Dominion of Canada, Civil and Military,



Religious and Secular, Academic and Practical, to a degree far beyond that enjoyed by the great majority.

EARLY DAYS IN "CANADA WEST"

In 1849, Enos Wolverton (Newton's father) sold his farm on the 5th Concession of Blenheim Township, and bought a very beautiful piece of land on the 8th concession, which he cleared and where he founded the Village of Wolverton on the banks of the Nith River. There he built a sawmill (to which was much later added a grist and flour mill).

After a small piece of land had been cleared of the great White Pine, Walnut, Hickory, Beech, Oak, Maple and Chestnut logs and stumps, the grain was sown by hand. In the



ENOS WOLVERTON, 1883
(Father of Newton Wolverton)

autumn the wheat was cut with the aid of a rocker, threshed on the barn floor, and drawn forty miles through the woods to Hamilton. In addition to the return load of flour, if the odd piece of cloth, impossible to weave on the spinning wheel



and loom at home, and a few delicacies were brought, there was a celebration. Some years the family never saw fifty dollars in twelve months.

But the country was opening up and the lumber business was good. The old-fashioned mill operated twenty-four hours a day when the old "muley" saw stood up to the work.

One of the earliest memories of Newton, the boy, was of a visit to Wolverton of his kinsmen. He dictated an account sixty years later:

"My Uncle Silas and Aunt Ann (Angelina Lankhard) "with their son, my Cousin Will and their daughter, my "Cousin Jo (Joanna) made us a visit in the long ago. It "was 1853. They left their home near Lexington, Ken- "tucky, and travelled by stage to Cincinnati. Thence "they travelled by canal boat to the terminus of the "Miami Canal near Sandusky. There they found a sailing "vessel which took them to Port Stanley, south of Lon- "don. Father met them there with a team and wagon, "and they drove to the Village of Wolverton, Oxford "County, a distance of over fifty miles through the woods. "Their whole trip lasted about three weeks. My memory "is very vivid on one point. They brought me a present "of a pair of top boots with red tops, the joy of a boy's "life, but they were too small. They had not calculated "accurately the size of the feet of a boy who lived in the "woods and who went barefoot."

As stated before, the early "fifties" were prosperous. Enos, the Farmer-Lumberman-Land Owner, accumulated money rapidly. Harriet, his wife, and his daughters Roseltha and Melissa became quite accomplished musicians — all three played the melodeon and played it well.

Enos heard of a German in the village of Paris, who had built a wonderful instrument called a "Pipe Organ", so he (Enos) drove down through the woods and bought it. It was a wonderful present, but when they got it home, the wooden pipes were so long, no ceiling in the house was high



enough to accommodate it. Some of those pipes had to be sawn off, the instrument set up, and the tops spliced on again—bent over “so that the organ could be taken out in the future if necessary.”

A year or two later a big summer picnic was organized to be held on “the island”, not much more than a big sandy field across the river and reached by a ford.

The five boys, Alfred, Daniel, Alonzo, Jasper and Newton, developed a really wonderful idea to insure the success of the big picnic. Their mother and sisters would probably have called it a brain storm. However, it seemed quite reasonable to the five boys, ranging in age from 16 down to about nine. It was nothing less than the transport of that organ, the cherished treasure of the women members of the family, across the river and setting it up under the trees to provide plenty of music for the gathering.

In order that there might be no hitch in this perfectly logical and reasonable undertaking, the boys took no chances in securing authority. Their father was away and anyway Alfred had attained the mature age of sixteen, logically the head of the family when Father was absent. In any event, if the organ were taken over at night, the element of surprise at the following day’s picnic would be very much more effective.

The morning of the picnic dawned bright and clear. There was no time for family expostulation or recrimination, and soon the organ was booming out “Onward Christian Soldiers” and “There is a Happy Land” with everybody from the whole country present and joining in the chorus.

Unfortunately, some two hours later the clouds rolled up and rain started to fall. It was a genuine cloud-burst and not merely local either. Picnicers raced back across the river to shelter—and not a minute too soon—for that cloud-burst had struck the upper reaches of the river before it reached Wolverton.

There was not even time to rescue the organ—the water rose around it—and it stayed there for weeks before it could



be recovered. What with water and sand and warped wooden pipes, it was practically ruined, and when it was finally brought back it was relegated to the barn where it rested for nearly twenty years.

But that is by no means the end of the "Organ Story". Fifteen or twenty years later D. W. Karn, himself a Baptist, raised on a farm in the township of Zorra, County of Oxford, started an Organ Factory in Woodstock. He heard of the ancient instrument at Wolverton, perhaps the first pipe organ in Canada West (by that time re-named Ontario). Mr. Karn drove out to see it, and acquired it for museum purposes, giving a new organ in payment. He took it back to Woodstock and his men patched the relic up so that it worked again.

One of the first organs turned out by the Karn Factory was installed in the First Baptist Church in Woodstock. One Saturday, during the student days of Newton Wolverton, something went wrong with that organ, and the Karn organization had no substitute for Sunday. As a make-shift the old Wolverton organ was hurriedly installed, and was, of course, instantly recognized by Newton Wolverton, when he filed into church with the rest of the students of the Canadian Literary Institute (afterwards re-named Woodstock College). The old organ performed perfectly for the first part of the service, but when the organist attempted a crescendo, the strain was too great, and the instrument died in a tremendous wheeze. Newton told the organist that if as many chickens had roosted on him as had roosted on that old organ in twenty years storage in the Wolverton barn, he would squawk too.

But to revert, the prosperity of the early fifties developed into somewhat of a boom. Robert (4) and Elizabeth (4a), the parents of Enos, had moved to Wolverton, and a new home had been built, large and pretentious for those days—and it had a cupola on top. Robert and Elizabeth lived in the old home on adjoining property, and there Robert died in 1855 at the age of eighty-four.



One of the last incidents of Robert's life, retained in the memory of his grand-son Newton, was of the old man's impatiently tapping the door step with his cane and ordering the four boys off the fence, where they had been watching their elder brother write in red chalk on the barn wall "A Happy New Year, 1855."

In 1855 Enos sold out the most of his property at the peak of the boom, and went down to the Township of Walsingham, County of Norfolk, Canada West. He realized about \$75,000 which was rated a huge fortune for those days—indeed, highly respectable three quarters of a century later.

Enos bought about a thousand acres of timber land, carrying a stand of timber of a quality unknown today, and built in Walsingham a "large modern sawmill run by *steam*." Most of his customers were in New York State, to whom lumber was shipped on sailing vessels plying on Lake Erie. Orders were plentiful and prices high, but Enos foresaw a business slump following the Russian War, and narrowed his credits down to one or two firms "so strong that they could weather any storm." Unfortunately the crash of 1858 was so severe that those preferred customers went down in the general chaos, and Enos was forced into bankruptcy, saving nothing.

The family remained in Walsingham for a time, but returned to Wolverton in 1861.

On May 15th, 1856, Melissa Wolverton was married to Heman P. Fitch (bible record).

On December 17th, 1856, Harriet N. Wolverton, Enos' wife, and Newton Wolverton's "sainted mother", died in the Village of Wolverton, County of Oxford, Canada West."

After the failure in Walsingham, the family resorted to farming again. One of the outstanding memories of Newton related to a low field or swamp infested by rattle-snakes. The boys were warned away from that field, and adjacent land was carefully fenced to keep stock away from the worthless snake-infested territory. One day when they were all away, the pigs broke through the fence, and on his return the boy Newton saw a pig kill a snake, by walking round



and round it and then jumping on it with all four feet. If the pig was bitten, the venom appeared to have no effect. Possibly this incident may have been the origin of the knowledge on the part of stock raisers that rattle-snake venom has little or no effect upon swine. In any event that incident led to the purchase of that land for a song, and the turning into it of a drove of pigs, who cleared it of snakes in one season, thereby converting it into one of the best farms in the neighborhood.

On April 6th, 1858, Enos Wolverton (Newton's father) married Miriam Neridia Cline, a woman just thirty years his junior, and younger than four of his children. They were married by Elder Haviland, who told Newton more than thirty years later than Enos gave him a \$50 bill as a fee for the marriage, which was the largest fee he had ever received. (Her name is given in the Bible record of her death as Miriane). She "died in the Township of Walsingham, Canada West, on the 29th of May, 1861, aged twenty-one years."

Daniel Kar, Newton's elder brother, "died July 31st, 1858, in the Township of Walsingham, Canada West, aged 18 years and 6 months."

In spite of his youth he was a very expert broad-axe man, as indeed were all of his brothers. They were accustomed to start work in the woods before daylight, and one morning Daniel's broad-axe struck a frosty knot, and glancing off, split his lower leg from front to rear. He was nursed back to convalescence in two or three months, until he was able to get about with the aid of a cane, and with a rubber strap from his great toe to his knee. The great wound in his leg had apparently properly healed. However, one night his father woke up and thought he heard it raining. But a glance out of the window indicated clear weather, and investigation of the "noise of dropping water" disclosed the fact that a pool of blood had collected under Daniel's bed. His wound had opened, the mattress had been soaked so thoroughly, that his life-blood had dripped through. Despite every effort, Daniel passed away.



On September 5th, 1858, Roseltha Wolverton, Newton's elder sister, was married to Jasper G. Goble of Gobles' Corners, not more than two or three miles from where her grandfather had settled thirty-two years earlier. There she lived for nearly forty years, when the family moved to Woodstock in the middle nineties.

On January 1st, 1863, Enos was married for the third time. His bride was Margaret Sabina Bogart from Napanee. The marriage was not a happy one and the couple separated later. Perhaps she thought Enos had more money than he had, after settling with creditors after the debacle in Walsingham. At any rate, in 1866 Enos went to Dixon, Kentucky, and spent most of the following twenty years in Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas, where he operated a line of Stages. He acquired large areas of first class land during the seventies, but lost heavily through the operations of a renegade lawyer handling titles for him.

To revert again: There were no schools in the lumber woods of Walsingham, and in 1859, Alfred, Jasper and Newton Wolverton went over to Cleveland, Ohio, to go to school. Alfred and Jasper went first and Newton followed shortly after. Newton left Port Burwell in a little black schooner called the "Oak", which was freighting lumber to Buffalo. A very bad storm was encountered and the whole deck load of lumber was lost. Newton was cold and sea-sick—a very miserable boy. To make matters worse he fell over the stove in that little cabin. However, the only major casualty was the incineration of his only cap. After several days tossing the little vessel limped into port, but Newton never forgot the embarrassment of a thirteen-year-old boy trudging up the streets of Buffalo bareheaded. From Buffalo he went to Cleveland "on the new railroad."

CIVIL WAR PERIOD

Shortly after the War broke out in 1861, Alfred, Jasper and Newton enlisted in the Northern Armies. They all signed on on the 21st of July, the day on which the first



battle of Bull Run was fought. There were thirty-eight enlisted at the time, supposedly to join one of the Ohio Regiments. They were all attached to the 50th New York Infantry temporarily, but when they got to Washington and the authorities ascertained that Alfred, Jasper and Newton Wolverton were accomplished riders and drivers, they were all transferred to the Quartermaster's Department.

Soon after their arrival in Washington in the summer of 1861, Alfred was given full charge of over a hundred six-horse teams, and Newton, before his sixteenth birthday, was given command of twenty-five of those six-horse transport wagons, most of which were engaged in freighting ammunition to the front. It was Government Policy to keep ammunition wagons as far from the danger zone as possible, but frequently it became necesasry to rush ammunition so far to the front, that in many cases teams and men were lost before they could be extricated.

It is recorded that on one occasion, some time in the Autumn of 1861, Wagon-Master Newton Wolverton was driving the lead-wagon, loaded with two tons of ammunition, when one of his wheel horses was "creased" by a bullet, and that six-horse team ran away in spite of everything. Wagon-Master Wolverton held that racing out-of-control Juggernaut, with two tons of death behind it, in the middle of a rough road for a full three miles, until every one of those six horses was ready to drop from sheer exhaustion.

Shortly afterward, in the ordinary course of their work, Alfred and Newton took charge of a hundred loads of ammunition—*over two hundred tons, drawn by six hundred horses*—with orders to deliver it at the front in Virginia at the earliest possible moment regardless of cost in men or horses. The ammunition was urgently required and that wagon-train made a continuous march for over sixty hours, day and night, until delivery was completed. Then what was left of that transport-train returned to Washington and encamped at the base of Washington's Monument. That trip killed more than half the horses and twenty-five per cent. of



the men who made it. One of the casualties was Jasper Wolverton, Newton's brother, who was taken to hospital with Typhoid Fever the day after their return, and who died in seven days (Oct. 12, 1861). Alfred got a furlough and took Jasper's body home to Canada, where he was buried in Wolverton, County of Oxford, Canada West.

It is not correct that Newton was gazetted Captain and decorated by President Lincoln for these and contemporary exploits, although he has been frequently referred to as a Captain of Sharpshooters under General Grant. Newton explained this as entirely unofficial and due to his uncanny success with a rifle. An official pass, in possession of the writer, dated April 9th, 1863, rates him as "Wagon-master", although other contemporary documents address him as "Mr.". His official ranking as Lieutenant and later Captain, was in the Canadian Army some years later.

The strenuous work of the winter of 1861-62 was too much for Newton, a mere lad of sixteen, although large for his age and accustomed to doing a full man's work from the age of fourteen. He broke down from exposure and was sent to Hospital where he remained for three months in 1862.

Shortly after Alfred, Jasper and Newton enlisted in Cleveland, their brother Alonzo came over to the city to complete a house they had been building on Franklin Street, Ohio City, later West Cleveland (presumably in their spare time after school). After completing the house Alonzo went to Washington, where for a time he was employed in the Quartermaster's Department. Then he returned to Cleveland where he enlisted in the 20th Ohio Artillery.

He served through several campaigns in Kentucky and Tennessee, but was captured—the last man left manning a battery—and lay in a Southern prison for nearly a year and a half. Finally he escaped, clothed in absolutely nothing but an under-shirt, crawled through the rebel lines, reached the Federal lines and eventually his own regiment. Alonzo started with Sherman on his famous march to the sea, and



got as far as Atlanta, Georgia, where he was left with others in garrison.

Alonzo told a story of Sherman's march to the sea which has probably never been published. Somewhere in Tennessee, the Federal columns, many thousand strong, encountered a large home-made block-house, with walls fifteen inches thick of solid green Oak and with a cellar below, where water and food was stored. A small but very annoying patter of bullets was traced to that block-house, but it was not considered important enough to warrant stopping the big Federal force or even an important detachment. One piece of Artillery was trained on the block-house and a demand for surrender made on the garrison. Such demand received a curt reply of refusal. A few rounds of ammunition, at some distance, had little or no effect on that green Oak fortress, either going right through or being stopped by the heavy green timber. It was very annoying, but rather than stop the progress of a great army, a second more threatening note demanding surrender was despatched. It received a reply:

"Corporal Thompson's compliments to General Sherman with a message from the Commander-in-Chief and his Confederate Army of six that General Sherman and his army of sixty thousand can go to hell."

General Sherman is reported to have considered the retort so much of a joke, and at the same time so brave, that he ordered his huge army to detour out of range of that block-house, and that that was one garrison of the Confederate States of America which never did surrender.

After Newton was discharged from the hospital, he was detailed for clerical work in the Quartermaster's Department. It became his duty to inspect and pass, on behalf of the Government, large cargoes of hay and oats. There was some graft practised and frequently contractors offered Newton large sums of money to pass damaged cargoes of supplies. Indeed, in one instance his life was threatened unless he passed a certain cargo. The character of the mere



boy is clearly indicated by his absolute refusal of more money than he had ever seen before.

However, Newton could not be "on the job" twenty-four hours a day. One big cargo which he had refused did get through. Duplicate invoices were substituted for those marked "Refused, N. W." and for a handsome fee, that cargo was passed by the Captain in charge, during Wolverton's absence.

Sixty days later an investigation was ordered and a Court-martial called. Newton Wolverton was arrested, with several others, but was able to produce a carbon copy of original invoice, carrying his signed refusal. He was instantly cleared, complimented by the Court-martial, and discharged. Every other man arrested was sent to prison for the duration of the war.

Late in 1861 and early in 1862 friction arose between the United States and Great Britain due to the running of contraband cargoes to and from the harbours of Charleston and Savannah. It was, of course, vital to the Confederate Government that cotton be exported and that war materials, such as ammunition, be imported.

For a time that contraband trade flourished, to the great annoyance of the Federal Government, and there appears to be no doubt that it was fostered by Liverpool and Glasgow capital. A British vessel, the *Trent*, was stopped on the high seas by an American gun-boat, under the command of Captain Charles Wilkes, and two Confederate passengers forcibly arrested. One was James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, and the other John Slidell, Confederate Commissioner to France, and the mission of each was to enlist foreign sympathy and finances for the Confederate Government. Both were taken off the *Trent* and sent to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, whereupon England demanded their release and damages for illegal arrest of the British vessel.

More than a suggestion arose in Washington, probably at the instigation of secret Southern sympathizers, that the



United States declare war on England. Some newspapers featured the matter, which caused much unrest among the many Canadians serving in the Northern Armies. A lot of them got together in Washington, and named a small Committee under the leadership of Newton Wolverton to interview President Lincoln himself.

All members of the committee were much older than Newton, but he was always a leader, and in spite of his lack of education, never experienced any difficulty in expressing himself. He reached Lincoln, the first time he had met the great President personally, and his speech as remembered long afterward by another member of that Committee, was a classic of diplomacy and clarity.

"Mr. President," he said, "we represent fifty thousand Canadians who are fighting in your Armies. We believe in your cause and we took the oath of allegiance without any reservations. We believe our record will compare favorably with that of any of your forces. But we are Canadians, born and bred, an indissoluble part of Britain, and we wish to tell you in the most respectful way that we did not enlist to fight against our Mother Country."

President Lincoln's reply was "Mr. Wolverton, I want you to go back to your boys and tell them that Abraham Lincoln appreciates the value of their services, and that so long as Abraham Lincoln is President, the United States of America will not declare war on Great Britain."

Newton Wolverton, the boy soldier, for he was only seventeen at this time, had achieved a wide reputation for uncanny accuracy with a rifle. That this ability was by no means based on guess-work is evidenced by a sketch in one of his earliest diaries, showing a method of accurately ascertaining distances, which he had worked out for himself. Incidentally this method involved principles of trigonometrical triangulation of which he knew nothing. While he was never officially gazetted "Captain" in the American Army, he was known very generally as "Captain of Sharpshooters" under General Grant. A story recounted many years later, and



confirmed by Newton, illustrated his ability with a rifle.

"When Newton Wolverton was 'Captain of Sharpshooters' under Grant, a section of the Army was ordered to trench a valley, in view of an expected assault by the enemy. One and another and another dropped at his work, and this uncanny practice from an unseen foe was almost too much for them. 'The Captain of Sharpshooters' was called, and with his men spread themselves around with telescopes to try and locate the enemy sniper. The sappers were ordered to continue digging. After a few more casualties, the enemy sharpshooter was located in a tree on the side of a mountain more than a mile distant. The engineers measured the distance carefully and it was suggested that Wolverton try to drop the marksman from his position in the tree. With his own beautifully balanced rifle, and with a microscopically adjusted telescope sight, he dropped the man out of the tree at the second shot—and trenching operations were continued without further trouble."

On Tuesday, April 14th, 1863, Newton and his brother Alfred were encamped on the outskirts of Washington. Subsequent events were so tragic, that verbatim excerpts from his diary are in order. Right here, too, it is well to record the fact that the many mis-spelled words have not been edited, but are quoted verbatim. This is by no means by reason of any sense of humor, or showing disrespect to a glorious memory, but, on the contrary, to emphasize the remarkable fact that a man with less than two year's education of any kind up to his twenty-fourth year, was able to develop himself before his thirty-second year into one of the admittedly best educated men in the Dominion of Canada—half a life-time of study accomplished in a short seven and a half years.

But to revert to that tragic diary of April, 1863:

"Tuesday, April 14, 1863. Alfred taken sick. I went for Dr. Magruder, but he was not at home."

"Wednesday, April 15. Alfred worse, symptoms of small-



pox. Went again for Dr. Magruder, but he did not come."

"Thursday, April 16. Alfred worse. The Doctor came at 12 M. Pronounced it 'Verri Loid' a species of Smallpox. Alfred was 'delerious' 'neerly' all day."

"Friday, April 17. Broke out very thick. Otherwise about the same. Slightly 'delerous'."

"Saturday, April 18. Alfred much better this morning—quite rational. About 9 o'clock he told me to take a book (Rules and Regulations of the Quartermaster's Department) to Mr. Garner and get a receipt, which I did, and was not away more than ten minutes. When I got back he was gone—had got up, dressed himself and left. He broke open his chest with an axe, and took all his money, \$297, leaving only \$20.60. I followed him, met R. Stanley, and we followed him as far as the President's 'Manshun' but could not catch him. I went on, but could hear nothing of him. I went to the B & O Depot—he was not there—to R.R Headquarters—he was not there. Came up H St to 7th thence to Pennsylvania Avenue, then to 20th St., and then home, but could find no trace of him.

"I then took a horse, and Clarey Donaldson and R. Stanley and I went in 'surch' of him. Went to all Hospitals in the city, to the Medical 'Directory's' Office and all over the city but could not find him. Came home about sundown 'dun-out' and disappointed. About dusk he came back, tired and worn out, still out of his 'sences'. We sent him to Hospital 'immediatly'. I asked him what he had done with the rest of his money but he did not know."

"Sunday, April 19. 'In Camp most of the day as it was very dangerous to go to the hospital to see Alfred. Went in the evening. He seemed some better but could not tell me anything about his money."

"Monday, April 20, 1863. Did not see Alfred today but was very busy inquiring about his money. Could find no *positive* clue to it."

"Tuesday, April 21. Saw Alfred in evening. He did not know anything about his money, but thought he had given



it to 'Germaine' to keep for him. He looked worse than I expected."

"Wednesday, April 22, they would not let me see him."

"Thursday, April 23. Same."

"Friday, April 24, 1863. Saw Alfred in morning. He was very bad. Do not expect him to live. Came home, saw Clarey and Germaine about his money. Germaine denied receiving money. Went back to hospital, but Alfred was not there—he was dead and buried."

As was the practice with all Smallpox casualties, the authorities hurriedly transferred all that was left of Newton's brother to a rough box, and buried him in Columbia Harmony Cemetery, which had a very beautiful name but was really the pauper's burying ground. The only record on the grave was a small board with his name pencilled on it.

Newton purchased a lot in Glenwood Cemetery, bribed the care-taker for five dollars to forget to lock the gate on a certain night, and bought a casket. Through an undertaker by the name of "Sands" he employed four men who had had the Smallpox, and together they all went to Columbia Harmony Cemetery in the dead of night. They dug up the body, transferred it to the casket, and re-buried it in Glenwood Cemetery about four o'clock in the morning, in intense darkness and with the rain pouring in torrents. There Alfred rests in Grave No. 67, with a beautiful Cedar Tree at his head. Newton secured a stone the following day to mark the spot.

There was a matter of back pay due his two brothers, who had died, and Newton experienced some difficulty in collecting the money. He started proofs of claim through the various channels of the War and Treasury Departments, but lost track of them completely. Father Enos came down to Washington to see Newton, and together they undertook to trace those claims, but without success beyond the Comptroller's Office. Coming out of that office they chanced to meet President Lincoln. Newton stopped him and introduced his father. Enos told Lincoln that two of his boys had



DR. NEWTON WOLVERTON



died in the war and that he was trying to collect their back pay—but that it seemed to be impossible to trace the proofs of claim.

“Where were the papers when you last had trace of them?” asked Lincoln. Enos replied, naming a certain Department in the Comptroller’s Office.

Lincoln said—“Come right along and we’ll see about this.” So, together, they went back to the Comptroller’s Office, where Captain Card, the Officer in Charge, sprang to attention.



NEWTON WOLVERTON, MAY 11, 1863

His earliest picture—reproduced from a tin-type, taken in Washington, D.C., immediately after his discharge from the American army.

The President, in a tone exceedingly austere, as compared to his kindly manner to Enos and Newton, demanded: “Do you know anything about the claims of this gentleman for back pay for his sons?” “Yes, Sir,” replied Captain Card. “Where are the papers,” demanded Lincoln. And Card drew them from a drawer in his own desk.

“Are they just claims?” asked Lincoln. “Yes, Sir, they are” was the reply. Said Lincoln: “See that those claims are paid before the sun goes down”—and they were paid the same day.

Before parting, President Lincoln chatted for a few minutes with Enos Wolverton and his son, and jocularly asked if



he might come to Canada if he were driven out by the Southern Armies. The reply was "Certainly, Sir, come to Canada by all means, and we will welcome you there." Lincoln said, and Newton always maintained that he was in deadly earnest, "Mr. Wolverton, if that comes to pass, I will come to Canada, and I'll help you build up a great country there." They parted forever—the date was Saturday, June 27th, 1863.

For a short time after Newton Wolverton's term of service expired, he was employed in the Quartermaster's Department as a civilian. During that time he boarded at the same house where lived John Wilkes Booth, who shot Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, in 1865. Wolverton and Booth were well acquainted but not intimate. Booth was an actor and Newton always maintained that he was a good one. Wolverton's casual acquaintance with Booth led to his retention by the American Government in the search for Booth nearly two years later.

On Sunday, June 28th, 1863, Newton Wolverton planned to return to Canada with his father. However, he did not get away until the following day because "the 'rebels' had torn up the track." However, on the 29th of June, 1863, he said a long farewell to Washington (and he has never been back since). He left on the 3 o'clock train, passed Annapolis Junction within three miles of a "Rebel" camp—reached Philadelphia that night, New York the following morning, where he visited "Barnum's Museum". At eleven o'clock he left for home, and "at twenty minutes to ten, on July 1st, 1863, I planted my feet again on Canadian Soil." "At 8½ p.m. I arrived at Gobles, where I met Mr. Jasper Goble, my brother-in-law, for the first time."

PRE-CONFEDERATION PERIOD—HOME FROM WAR

On Thursday, July 2nd, 1863, Jasper Goble drove Enos and Newton to the Village of Wolverton "where I saw for the first time my Step-Mother." "It is eight years since I left Wolverton, but the village has not changed much."



Newton returned to Gobles and spent "a very pleasant evening with 'Nellie'."

On Friday, he left Gobles with "Rose" (his sister) for "Lissa's" (Mrs. H. P. Fitch, living South of London). "Lissa did not know me, but Heman did." "Arthur, who could not talk when I left, is a big boy 6½ years old. Ida and Eva, who were eight months old when I last saw them are large girls and I cannot tell them apart."

On July 4th, 1863, Newton accompanied H. P. Fitch, his brother-in-law to the "Institute" his first visit to the Institution of which, fifteen years later he was to become the head.

In the afternoon, he and Mr. Fitch drove to a service "in the schoolhouse on Governor's Road, where 'I saw the blackness of my heart'." He spent the evening "at Mr. Goble's in company with Nellie."

On July 5th, Newton "went walking with Nellie and under a shade tree by the railroad" became converted.

On Monday, July 6th, "Rose played old music on her 'melodion,' and old tunes bring sad thoughts."

However, on July 8th, that old diary records "Cupid has bound me with his dove-like fetters, happy in dreams of the future. Spent the evening at Prayer-Meeting with 'Nellie'." He was a fast worker.

Monday, July 13th, indicates anxiety. "Taken sick about 12 midnight. Pains in head—back—bones, all the symptoms of Smallpox. Up all night with severe pains in chest."

Tuesday. "Better this morning—went to Aunt Liza's but did not know anybody (relatives)."

Thursday. "Went to Drumbo in forenoon. Drove Father and 'Mrs. Wolverton' (his Stepmother) home. Met 'Cozzen' Annie."

Sunday. "Went home with Annie. Stayed till 10 o'clock."

Wednesday, July 22. "Went to Gobles to a picnic with 'Nellie' and enjoyed myself very much."

Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1863. "Cozzen Margaret Dawson died. Sat up all night with the body, accompanied by Annie."



Saturday, Aug. 8th. "Father and 'Mrs. Wolverton' and I went to the River Church'."

Aug. 11. "Went to barn 'rasing' at Mr. Banes. Stayed for supper but came home when they started dancing."

Monday, Aug. 17. "Went to work for Mr. Banes for 25 cents per day."

Aug. 31. "Went to Gobles and went blackberrying with 'Nellie'. Weighed 153 pounds."



NEWTON WOLVERTON, 1864
A member of the 22nd Oxford Rifles

Sept. 3. "Went to Brantford in Meggs' wagon to 'Mel-isha' Review. Saw Nellie on way home."

Sept. 8. "Went to work for George Dawson at Bench-work (Carpentering) at wage of \$12 per month and board. 12 hour days."

Sept. 12. "Saw Mr. Cote on business concerning 'Wolverton 'Rifle' (Rifle) Co.' Worked only half day, 30 cents."

Sept. 16th. "Assisted Capt. Cote to erect target for Wolverton 'Rifles' to practise."

Sept. 17th. "Drilling in morning till 8½ o'clock. Fired three rounds. Made one 'outer' 'two inners', as high as any but not good. Went to Drumbo, drilled 1½ hours, fired several rounds, made best record. Very 'coald' in evening."

Sept. 23. "Drilling, company concluded to go to Hamilton for General Review."



Sept. 25. "Brought home 'rifle' and belt. Took Annie home. Beautiful moonlight. Stayed till 11 o'clock."

Saturday, Sept. 26. "Took Annie home. Moonlight."

Monday, Sept. 28. "Made full day. Saw Annie home. Beautiful moonlight night."

Sept. 30. "Made full day. Drilling in evening. Company decided to go to Toronto."

Oct. 1. "Mrs. Wolverton came home today."

Oct. 2. "Made full day framing barn in Plattsville. Visited Annie in evening."

Oct. 3. "Made half day. Drilling in afternoon, loading and firing. Made four 'inners'. Went home with Annie."

Oct. 7. "Made half day. Paid off in full. Drilling in evening. Company decided not to go to Toronto."

Oct. 8. "A. Wallice woke me up at 4½ o'clock and five of us went to Toronto and attended Review."

Oct. 9. "Came back from Toronto to Princeton. Stopped all night. Went to Gobles before breakfast, saw Nellie. Came to Drumbo with Nellie. Saw Annie. Saw a man I knew in U. S. Army in Washington. Went to concert. I went home with Annie."

Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17. "Went home with Annie."

Oct. 22. "Ball in town hall tonight. I did not go. Had a sore throat. Annie visited me, told me Cozzen Lizzie has the measles."

Nov. 17. "At meeting to organize 'Wrighting School'."

Nov. 19. "Went to 'Writing' School."

Nov. 20. "At 'Wrighting' Class in evening."

Nov. 23. "At 'Riting' School."

Nov. 25. "Father and I started for Woodstock—couldn't do business but saw 'Nellie'."

Nov. 26. "'Done' business in forenoon. Rose, Jasper, Heman and I signed a quit-claim on Cleveland property in favor of Alonzo. Brought a load of machinery home. Went to 'Righting' School in evening."

Dec. 1. "Drilling and went to 'Riting' School in evening."

Dec. 3. "Went to Woodstock for Battalion Drill."



Dec. 7. "Working in 'Ceder' Swamp in afternoon. In evening met Miss L. Griffin at 'Wrighting' School."

Dec. 11. "At 'Writing' School in evening. 'L.G.' not there."

Dec. 15. "Started for 'Wrighting' School on 10th concession. Called for B. Baughtenheimer, but so cold, didn't go. Stayed all night. Spent evening in company with L. Griffin. Retired 1½ o'clock."

"Dec. 18th. "Took 'Mrs. Wolverton' sleigh-riding. Sleighing not very good. Went to 'Wrighting' School in evening. Went home with L. Griffin."

Dec. 21. "Woke up at 2 o'clock by light of fire. Sprang up and saw Currie's house in flames. Roused Father and gave alarm. Building entirely destroyed. Saved and removed almost all furniture—worked so hard at fire, unwell all day."

Dec. 25, 1863. "Merry Christmas to all. Hitched up the 'coalt' to cutter, went to Mr. Baughtenheimer's to dinner. In afternoon and evening went for sleigh ride with 'Levinia' (Griffin) after which I came home at 12 o'clock. Very good time."

Dec. 29. "Went to "Wrighting' School with Coz Annie', came home with 'Levinia'."

Dec. 31, 1863. "Hooked up the 'coalts' and drove 'Mrs. Wolverton' to Gobles to spend New Years. Found a big party there, but unfortunately 'Nellie' had gone to Buffalo."

"Farewell, old year, much as I have loved you. Many pleasures, many hours of happiness and enjoyment, as well as many hours of pain and sorrow. But think no more of the past, but look forward to the future, and amend all errors which a review of the past brings to view."

1864-65—ST. ALBANS RAID—SEARCH FOR LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN

After being gazetted a Lieutenant in the Canadian Volunteer Forces, and toward the end of 1864, Newton Wolverton was placed in charge of a company of troops and sent to guard the frontier of Canada East, south of Montreal.

Certain Southern students who were attending the Uni-



versity of Toronto, and living in the University Commons, planned a raid from friendly Canadian territory across the International Line, in the hope that troops would be drawn from the seat of war to protect the northern frontier. They crossed over and attacked the Village of St. Albans, Vermont, killing a few people and robbing a bank.

This was, of course, contrary to International Law, and a very considerable number of Canadian Volunteers were called out to prevent a repetition of the raid. The company under command of Lieut. Wolverton was sent to a station on the border where the railway entered from Vermont.

Their troop train was snowed up for three days, provisions ran out and so did fuel. Some of the men improvised snow-shoes and reached a farm house a mile distant, but received a very cool reception and returned without food. A second trip, however, with Lieut. Wolverton along, and his display of a long sword, achieved a friendly reception, and the food problem was soon solved, in spite of the entire lack of French on the part of any of the detachment.

In order to conserve fuel, the entire company, as well as the train crew and three or four passengers, moved into one car, leaving the balance of the train without heat in sub-zero weather. Hours later it was discovered that two young French girls had been passengers in one of those cars, and had been so frightened of the English-speaking soldiers that they had hidden behind their seats, when the others had all moved into the crowded military car. They were frost-bitten and ill, knew no English and the soldiers knew no French. It was a new problem for the 18-year-old Officer Commanding but he was equal to it, and more or less forcibly rubbed the frost out of the frozen feet and hands of his badly frightened patients, and dressed them in heavy woollen army clothing.

In the spring of 1865 Lieut. Wolverton's Company was still stationed on the border between Canada East and Vermont. When Lincoln was assassinated, and before Booth was captured, the authorities in Washington telegraphed



the authorities in Canada to find Newton Wolverton and have him posted either at Niagara or south of Montreal, to watch for Booth, who was expected to attempt reaching Canada. It just happened that Wolverton was already stationed south of Montreal, so orders were sent to him to "personally examine every passenger crossing the line from Vermont, with particular attention to women, as Booth was an accomplished female impersonator, and possibly might attempt to pass as a woman."

It was a time when heavy veils were in fashion, and the 18-year-old Lieutenant had a merry and sometimes hectic time in carrying out his orders for 'personal examination' but, of course, found no Booth.

This confounds the statement which has appeared in the press from time to time that Newton Wolverton was in Ford's Theatre when Booth shot Lincoln. However, many of Newton's intimate friends, also friends of Booth, were there, and in view of the many and garbled accounts of the tragedy, and particularly of the ultimate disposal of Booth, the letters received by Newton from Washington at the time would appear to be reliable.

Lincoln was a little late entering the Theatre and occupied a box close to the stage and about twelve feet above it. The curtain was already up when he entered. Booth stood outside or at the rear of Lincoln's box, shot him, then moved to the front of the box and jumped the twelve feet to the stage, where he broke his ankle, or at least sprained it badly. He turned to the paralyzed audience and shouted "Sic semper tyrannis", immediately hobbling to a side entrance where a confederate was waiting with a horse. He mounted the horse and rode out of the city. Several days later he was located, escaped temporarily again and took refuge in a barn some distance down the Potomac River. His pursuers surrounded his refuge and ordered him to surrender. He refused to come out, when he was told that the barn would be set on fire and he was given his choice of surrender or being burned to death. The barn was fired, he ran out, but was



shot dead before he got very far. No one knew just who had shot him.

On account of Southern sympathies, and the fear on the part of the United States Government that he might possibly be eulogized as a martyr, if he were buried by public funeral in any cemetery, an unusual plan was adopted and carried out; two men were sworn to absolute secrecy, and late at night were provided with a boat, and ordered to dispose of the body between that time and daylight. One correspondent "believed" that the body was sewn in a leather sack, heavily weighted, and sunk in the Potomac River some miles below Washington.

In the summer of 1865, Newton Wolverton returned to the old home at Wolverton, Ontario, where he worked at his trade as a journeyman carpenter as well as running a small farm. Current wages were \$1 per day of 12 hours. Often, at community "barn raisings" there were no wages at all.

THE FENIAN RAID—RIDGEWAY—SARNIA— THE DISCOVERY OF OIL AT PETROLIA

In 1866, he was a member of the 22nd Oxford Rifles, No. 1 Company, with the rank of Lieutenant. His battalion was called out at the time of the Fenian Raid in June of that year. However, he received his notice too late to catch the troop train when it left Woodstock, and therefore missed being present at the Battle of Ridgeway. However, he followed and got there in time to assist in conveying the dead and wounded from the field to the cars for transportation to Toronto and the hospitals.

A little later his company was ordered to Sarnia and Petrolia, where it was feared a raid might be organized. He was stationed there for nearly a year.

Newton was in Sarnia or Petrolia when the first oil was struck in that field. There was a real boom. Two of his friends pooled their resources and bought a piece of land far from the "proven territory" and started to drill a well. Money was scarce and equipment crude. Just how crude is



exemplified by the fact that the first pipe line was no more than an open ditch. Depths achieved under that early practice and with the operators' "hay-wire" equipment, were not great.



NEWTON WOLVERTON, 1867
Lieutenant, Oxford Rifles

Newton's friends put their own hole down in about three weeks to a depth ten feet lower than the level which had already produced oil a mile or two distant. One Saturday, about noon, Newton rode out to see the work, found his friends broke and discouraged and the plant shut down.

In reply to his query, it was explained that they were below the strata where any oil could be expected, there was no oil, and they had no money to go deeper. Newton persuaded them that, in as much as they had to pay their men for a full day, they might just as well "stick that bit down a little deeper" anyway. Before five o'clock they struck a 2,000 barrel gusher, and on Monday morning refused an offer of \$100,000 cash for their property. Unfortunately, they demanded double that figure, which they did not get—and ten days later their 2,000 barrel "flush production" dwindled to 100 barrels and they sold out for \$3,000, very little more than their capital expenditure. No so much different from much more modern experience.



THOMAS A. EDISON

Newton knew Thomas A. Edison, who about that time or a little later worked on Grand Trunk trains running into Sarnia. Edison was a "Candy Butcher", and had not even begun his wonderful career in electric science, although in his spare time he was doing some amateur experimenting and practising telegraph operating. Two stories of Edison may very well be cited here, as told years later by Newton Wolverton, although one story relates to a subsequent experience.

Edison got a job as Night Operator at the little town of Stratford, on the Grand Trunk, only about twenty miles from Newton's old home. Railroad traffic was light and few trains were being operated. The last passed Stratford about midnight, after which there was seldom any telegraph business going over the wires. The early morning hours were deadly monotonous for the young operator, but he was required to send in his "call" every hour to the despatcher in Toronto.

Edison was doing a lot of experimenting in the day-time, in an amateur laboratory he had built, and conceived the idea that he might just as well get some sleep during the dead hours of the early morning. So he built a little machine, operated by clock-work, to automatically send in his call every hour from one o'clock to five in the morning. This worked splendidly for about a week, until one night when the despatcher called Stratford on urgent business at 1:05 a.m., and followed up that first call at frequent intervals, without getting any reply until daylight, in spite of that automatic report at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5-o'clock. The following day an Inspector got off the train and Edison had no job.

The electric telegraph was developing rapidly and Edison quickly achieved an ability and speed equalled by very few operators in the country. He taught himself shorthand, at which he also excelled. Before long he decided that his talents were wasted in Ontario, which was probably correct, and went over to the American side. He was quite confident of his ability, but he was something of a practical joker, so



he donned the most countrified outfit he could get, and walked into the Western Union City Office in Boston and applied for a job.

The Manager, himself an expert, tipped off the most expert Associated Press Operator in New York of the situation, and thinking to take a fall out of the "country jay", hired him, "provided he could demonstrate that he was a real operator." Edison heard the tip-off to New York but said nothing.

They ushered Edison in to a key on that high-pressure A-P wire—Edison dropped his old straw hat on the floor, tapped "O.K. Shoot", and started to sharpen a big carpenter's pencil, to the delight of other operators watching the fun and waiting for the break-down of the country boy. In about a minute Edison began taking in shorthand and quickly caught his correspondent, when more pencil-paring ensued. Another minute or two went by, when Edison broke in on the wire with "We go to Press in ten minutes, you'll have to speed up." New York replied "There's only one man in the world can talk to me that way, a fellow in Canada named Tom Edison", and Edison said, "I'm him, let's go to work."

CONFEDERATION DAYS

During the late sixties, Newton worked at his trade as carpenter at and near the Village of Wolverton, just after the organization of the Province of Ontario, formerly known as Canada West. They were uneventful years, except that Newton kept up his rifle practice and accumulated many medals, brass clocks and some prizes in the form of cash, by virtue of his ability at many contests held in Western Ontario in those and subsequent years. He won a place on the first Canadian "Wimbledon" team (later changed to Bisle) but was unable to go to England because "he was running a farm at the time, on which a payment had to be made in the fall, and he just had to raise a crop to meet that payment." However, about the same time he won the championship of more than a thousand riflemen, at a week-long



contest at Brantford, Ontario, by virtue of putting on seven bullseyes in succession, in a final shoot-off at 600 yards—against his runner-up who scored six bulleyes and an “Inner.”

During those years Newton built a few houses and barns, sometimes by day-labor and occasionally on contract, making his own plans and estimates—in a rule-of-thumb way, but astonishingly accurate. Sixty years later he met a well-known Government Official named Lapierre and his nephew, a prominent Canadian Mining Engineer, Mr. Muir, in Vancouver. Conversation developed the information that Newton had built a barn for “Old John Lapierre” north of Paris, Ontario, in the late sixties, and reminiscences were in order. Said Newton:

“Why I knew your grandfather (Mr. Muir’s great-grandfather) long before either of you were born. They were French and came into the Paris plains about the same time or shortly after my grandfather. The Lapierres were a little later than the general influx of the earliest settlers, found the attractive bottom lands all taken up, and had to choose higher land farther back. Incidentally, that higher land turned out to be more valuable than that settled earlier.”

“They were not so modern as you are and they pronounced their name ‘Lapeer’ not as you do, ‘Lapierre’. Old John Lapierre had a brother who lived over near Burford. One of his daughters, a very beautiful girl, fell out of a hay mow on to a pitch fork, and it killed her.”

“Old John had some money, but he had no confidence in banks. I went over to build a barn for him and he showed me a new safe with a new-fangled combination lock, which he had bought to keep his money safe. I was pretty strong in those days and showed him that I could lift one side of that safe myself, and jocularly suggested that two strong men could steal the safe and its contents altogether, and that would be the end of his money, in spite of that fancy lock. He laughed, but that is exactly what did happen not long afterward.”



STUDENT DAYS

In 1869, at an age when most men have already completed school and university, Newton decided to obtain an education. While he boasted more than a decade of experience in the University of "Hard Knocks", he had not even acquired the advantage of a public school course. His work was at least a year short of the qualifications necessary for entrance to High School, and it seems almost unbelievable that the man should in a short seven and a half years graduate from Toronto University with the highest honors in Mathematics as well as a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Aramaic and Sanskrit as well as some knowledge of Chaldee and Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

In any event, he entered the Preparatory Department of the Canadian Literary Institute (afterwards Woodstock College) on January 1st, 1870. His writing at that time was matured and clear, but his spelling, as disclosed in sundry memoranda, was still atrocious. In his expense account appear many items such as the following: "Adelfi Society 25c", "Blotting Paper 2c", "Fair on cars 40c", "Segars 5c", "Medicin \$1.15", "Towl 20c", "Constabel Duty". He even spelled the names of two of his brothers incorrectly "Alfred Phillipsbury" and "Daniel Karr", and referred once to "my sainted mother Harriet Nual Towl."

Six months later, in the Autum of 1870, at the age of twenty-five, Newton had completed a year's work and passed into the regular course, equivalent to passing the High School Entrance, which the majority of his family passed at an average age of thirteen many years later.

He decided to study for the Baptist Ministry and his class included many men who later attained great prominence in Canadian History. He was probably the oldest in the class, both in age and experience, but he outlived them all.

The class included: I. V. Teetzel, Isaac Campbell, George Wittit, D. D. Burtch, P. McKillop, D. S. McEwen, P. A. McEwen, Ira Smith, H. A. Eberle, G. F. Baldwin, J. J. White, J. G. Frith and I. Fairchild. Their Mathematical Master, Dr.



S. J. McKee now lives in Vancouver, B. C., but says that every one of that class has now passed on with the possible exception of two of whom he has lost track (Dr. McKee had charge of the class from the autumn of 1872 to the close of the Spring Term in 1877).

There is no doubt that Newton Wolverton was the star of his class in the Canadian Literary Institute, particularly in Mathematics. But he was human.

He had achieved a real appetite for tobacco in a quarter century's practical experience in war and such peace as was afforded in the lumberwoods.

Dr. Fyfe, one of the greatest educationalists in the history of Canada, was Principal of the Canadian Literary Institute, and he had decided antipathies toward tobacco. He had even gone so far as to dismiss students caught using it persistently. Shortly after Newton Wolverton's enrollment, after impressive warnings, the faculty passed a formal resolution "Prohibiting the use of tobacco in any form, in the buildings, on the grounds or on the street, anywhere in Woodstock." Newton had a great deal of respect for Dr. Fyfe, but he studied that pronouncement with great care.

He boasted perhaps the greatest physical strength of any member of the student body or the faculty either. He was accustomed to much regular exercise of the most strenuous type in the well-appointed gymnasium of the institution, which incidentally had four or five large doors and windows open most of the time. However, all of a sudden, his health became such that exercise in the vitiated atmosphere of the gymnasium was insufficient to maintain himself in proper condition to do justice to his studies. The proper and only remedy appeared to be a series of long walks in the open air. He promptly inaugurated this form of open-air exercise, and the logical direction for his tramps was in the country south of the institutional campus—just over the town boundary line and therefor not "*anywhere in Woodstock*". A perusal of meagre expense accounts, kept meticulously, disclosed many items such as "Pipe 15c", "Segars 10c" (later changed to



"Cigars") and "Tobacco 10c". There is no evidence that any of the occasional items of "Ch. Tob. 5c" were consumed anywhere else than outside "Anywhere in Woodstock". If so, Newton was never caught, or at least never experienced the threatened "Dismissal". Perhaps the "Tobacco Roll" as established a quarter century later in his eldest son's student days at Woodstock, had not been inaugurated.

In spite of his lack of early education along academic lines, and his late start—he was nearly twenty-four when he entered the Preparatory Department—a year or two later his standing as established by the institutional records, became particularly good. His later recognition as one of the outstanding mathematicians in America was presaged by such term records as "Arithmetic 77", "Trigonometry 87" "Algebra 89". However, such mathematical prestige was not attained at the expense of the rest of the curriculum, as indicated by such standings as "Latin Prose 89", "Horace 83."

However, he had decided to study for the Baptist Ministry, and during these early academic years, inaugurated an intensive course of study, which lasted for many years, in Theological subjects, and later developed himself into one of the greatest authorities in Canada on such subjects as "The History of the Christian Religion", "History of the Baptists", "Baptist Doctrine", "Homilectics" and "Public Speaking with particular emphasis on Preaching".

During his student days at Woodstock, it was the practice for the "Theologs" to go out every Sunday to "Supply" certain small churches in the neighborhood. Some of these communities boasted a church, more often service was held in a school-house. Sometimes a "Deacon" would drive in eight or ten miles on Saturday night, for "The Parson", sometimes he had to walk. Occasionally the "big boys" of the congregation were accustomed to annoy the student preachers by rough misbehaviour. In one community they never tried it a second time, after Newton Wolverton had taken the two biggest by the scruff of their necks, bumped their heads together, and thrown them out into the snow.



THE TURKEY STORY

One humorous incident of those student days was frequently recounted by Newton, and was corroborated in every detail more than a quarter century later by one of the outstanding lawyers in Toronto, who was one of the boys present.

At Thanksgiving time, it must have been in the fall of 1872, a village ten or twelve miles south-west of Woodstock planned to combine Thanksgiving, which then fell on Thursday, with a Baptist Revival lasting from Thursday to Sunday. Newton Wolverton was invited to take charge and he arrived on Wednesday about noon, attired in a new frock coat, the first he had ever owned.

On Wednesday afternoon, just before Thanksgiving Day, he had nothing to do and strolled around behind the village general store, where a "Turkey Shoot" was in progress to the great profit of the village sport who was operating it. A small rampart of earth had been built up, with a turkey coop just behind it and level with the surface. Forty yards distant was "taw", where for a "shilling" (Canada was on a decimal system, but many shillings were still in circulation in the country districts) one was handed a .22 rifle and permitted to shoot a turkey when it stuck its head up through the bars of the coop beyond the earth rampart. The operator was successfully "marketing" 60-cent turkeys for about \$3 each, and invited the "parson" to try his hand.

The parson admitted that he had done "a little" shooting, but was not familiar with that rifle. However, if he were allowed to examine the "gun" and the ammunition, and were permitted a practice shot at a small bottle for ten cents, he would take three chances. The proprietor of the shoot readily agreed, for this was real business, and incidentally the crowd of villagers was growing.

The parson paid over eighty-five cents, peeled off his brand new frock coat, accepted that rifle and four cartridges. He took his knife out, carefully polished the sides of the bullets, and took a practice shot at a bottle set up at that 40-yard



range. He missed the bottle, but he ascertained the coefficient of accuracy of that rifle at 40 yards to be $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches high and an inch and a half to the left.

Having acquired the necessary information, he proceeded to crack the head off No. 1 Turkey to be immediately followed by No. 2 and No. 3, after which he was barred out from further competition. However, the Baptist Thanksgiving Dinner was augmented by three prime turkeys.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

During his last year at Woodstock, or perhaps in the summer when he was temporarily "supplying" at a church in Brantford, Newton Wolverton met and became well acquainted with Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Newton was intensely interested in Bell's work and occasionally assisted him. He was permitted to talk over that famous seven-mile wire between Brantford and Paris, the first long-distance telephone wire in history. Newton was President of the Adelphi Society, a literary organization at the College in Woodstock, and in the face of much opposition on the part of other members of the Society, brought Alexander Graham Bell to Woodstock, where he gave a series of three lectures. The opposition criticized the President's policy due to the enormous cost of \$150, more than had ever been taken in at the door in any three lectures or entertainments sponsored by the society in its whole history. The majority expressed the opinion that "people will not pay to hear about new-fangled experiments which can have no possible practical value".

The first lecture, in spite of an avalanche of privately distributed posters, drew a house of only about \$50. However, the second and third lectures were delivered to "standing room only" and the coffers of the Adelphi Society accumulated a greater surplus than for years.

The Canadian Literary Institute (afterwards Woodstock College) was affiliated with Toronto University. One year's University work was given at Woodstock, but Newton Wol-



verton accomplished nearly five year's work in three and a half, and entered Toronto University in the Autumn of 1873, where he passed his Senior Matriculation in the Spring of 1874, winning a scholarship of \$120 in Mathematics.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY

Those four years in Toronto University were not particularly eventful. There could not be many high lights in the life of a student who "started his course with \$50 in cash and graduated \$50 in debt." However, from beginning to end he was always a leader, academically and otherwise. Two incidents of his Sophomore year carried some human interest.

Hazing in the seventies was probably rather more strenuous for the unfortunate freshman than in later years. One night when the Sophs were putting a squad of Freshmen through their paces, one "rich conceited fellow" put up more than usual objections, so they tied a rope around under his arms and hung him out a third story window to cool off. Unfortunately, other "ceremonies" took up the Sophs' attentions and the "rich conceited fellow" was forgotten until his predicament was seen from the street by passers-by who thought he was hanging by his neck and reported the matter, with the result of a "real row". He was nearly frozen, but was "rescued" none the worse for his unusual experience.

Another Freshman was much complimented by an invitation to dinner by Newton Wolverton and three other Sophomores. When dessert had been disposed of, one after another of the "hosts" excused themselves "for a minute", passed out of the restaurant and told the proprietor the others would look after the bill. The unfortunate Freshman was of course the last, and was "stuck" for \$1.50.

In his Sophomore year Newton Wolverton had already gained some notoriety as a mathematical wizard. One Thursday, so the story has been re-told, a mathematical professor gave his class a problem, more as a joke than otherwise, to be solved for Friday morning. On inquiry the following morning none of the class had been successful in solving the



problem, but Newton Wolverton arose and requested that the professor leave it with them until Monday. He readily agreed, and to his utter amazement, on Monday, Newton appeared with a complete solution, worked out by methods originated by himself, and which were not taught until the latter part of the Senior Year.

The most amazing story of Newton Wolverton's University days, however, was along similar lines in his Senior Year. A classic problem in one of the branches of higher mathematics, a problem of great complexity said to have originated with a professor of a great German university—was presented to Newton's class just before a week-end. Newton worked on that problem all Friday night and all day Saturday, also most of Saturday night, without success. On Sunday night he sat down to tackle it again, but was so worn out that he went to sleep over his desk. He woke up twelve hours later, cold and bleary-eyed, but a complete solution of that problem covering more than fifty pages of calculations, lay before him, in his own hand-writing.

But that experience was by no means the only example of the complete disassociation of mind and body in Newton Wolverton's unusual history. In the summer of 1876 he visited the Centennial in Philadelphia. The heavily loaded excursion train on which he travelled was wrecked with large loss of life. It went through a bridge more than sixty feet high not far from his destination.

Approaching that bridge he was standing in the car-aisle near the forward end of that car, talking to five other men. He heard the engine and car ahead break through the bridge, sensed what had happened, and instantly jumped over seats toward the centre of the car, which "something told me was the safest place". He braced himself between two seats and lost consciousness. When he came to he was walking on the track, above and back of the wrecked bridge, and his car was standing on its head in a creek sixty feet below. Every one of the five men to whom Newton had been talking when the crash came, was killed instantly.



DR. NEWTON WOLVERTON



ONONDAGA—THE HORSE STORY

Before graduation from Toronto University with the highest honors, Newton Wolverton had "supplied" occasionally for a little country church east of Brantford, Ontario; so, on attaining his degree in the summer of 1877, he went



NEWTON WOLVERTON, 1877
After graduation from Toronto University

down as pastor. He was welcomed to Onondaga and ordained there.

Newton boarded with a Mr. Van Sickle, one of the deacons of his church and whose wife was a famous cook. However, Newton maintained that her name should have started with "Mac", for, no matter how many guests sat at the table, one pie had to go around, and he thought it time to revolt when, one Sunday, there were fourteen persons for dinner.

A Baptist Clergyman in a country locality received no very high salary, and when Newton Wolverton found that he had to conduct a morning service at one church, and an



afternoon service six miles away, and his visits and meetings took him most of the way from Brantford to Caledonia and half way to Hamilton, he decided that he must get a horse. Incidentally, none of his congregation knew that he had been a famous rider in the American War and before.

Of course, the matter of price was of paramount importance, but Mr. Van Sickle told him of an out-law, a full-blooded race-horse, bred by a famous racing man at Barry, Ontario (quoted verbatim from account by one who was there—possibly “Barrie”) which could be purchased for a song, as this horse was “a killer” and everybody was afraid of him.

Reverend Newton Wolverton, ex-soldier, bought the horse and then the fun began. To “gentle” the animal was found impossible, and stern army horse-breaking had to be resorted to, all of which met with the unalloyed approval of the boys of the community. Finally that horse was bridled and saddled, but for many months service at both churches was to “standing room only” but it is to be feared that many attended with the particular idea of witnessing the young “parson” saddle, mount and ride away on this ungovernable savage. One who was there recounted more than half a century later that “it was a picture well worth seeing; two scared Deacons holding that horse, and the young black-coated parson springing into the saddle; the immediate scatterment of the said deacons, and the really beautiful horse, with a perfect rider, giving a formal military salute and riding off to his other church.”

Reminiscences of some of the most prominent professional men in the Dominion of Canada dovetail to a marvelous degree with the early activities of Newton Wolverton. One story from the lips of one who thirty years later achieved a reputation as the last word in authority in harbor engineering in Canada carries much human interest.

It might be considered axiomatic that country boys would have a profound contempt for any “Parson” or any “City Man” who would dare to court their sister.



A "preacher" was earnestly courting a young lady who lived on a farm in the beautiful County of Haldimand, close by one of his churches, but the good-will of a younger brother appeared to be beyond achievement.

That younger brother prided himself on his own horsemanship, and was much chagrined to be outclassed by a mere "parson". However, there were other branches of activity in which no "preacher" could excel.

On a summer holiday the younger brother and a chum inaugurated a rifle-shooting contest. The rifle happened to be a discarded American army rifle. By reason of its continued use as a shot-gun the barrel had become smooth. The weapon was deadly with buck-shot, but with a round bullet moulded by the boys themselves, and with home-made paper wadding rammed tight, the accuracy of the boy's rifle-practice was far from any high standard.

After several rounds, the boys noticed the "parson" standing behind them watching the performance, and in their innocence they conceived his down-fall. He might be a good horseman but he certainly could not know how to shoot.

They offered him the rifle, which he examined carefully, tried the inside of the barrel with his little finger, looked at the recently moulded bullets, each of which had a rough projecting equator all around, then made some "very boastful" remarks.

"Yes, I have done a little good shooting with a rifle of that pattern, particularly with an attached telescope sight having a microscopically adjustable elevation."

"When I was a Captain of Sharpshooters under General Grant, I knocked a man out of a tree at a distance of more than a mile with a rifle just like that."

But the boys were supercilious and unconvinced. In the mean time, the parson was idly whittling the circular projection from the bullet, and asked the boys to find a black bottle, something of a rarity in that prohibition county. One was located, however, and the parson stuck a piece of white paper on the side of the bottle, showing a white cir-



cular mark about three inches in diameter on the black glass. One of the boys was sent to set that bottle up on a fence just forty rods distant.

Shooting very carefully from a kneeling position, the parson smashed the bottle at the first shot, and both boys became his devoted slaves and allies ever afterward.

That parson was Newton Wolverton and one of those boys, the younger brother of the earnestly courted young lady, became the brother-in-law of that parson. That boy was Fred W. Cowie, a quarter century later to rank as one of the greatest Harbour Engineers in the world.

THE FIRST PROFESSIONSHIP—WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

During that summer of 1877, Professor S. J. McKee resigned the chair of Mathematics at Woodstock College. When Doctor Fyfe, the venerable Principal, asked him to recommend a successor, he said "Unquestionably, Newton Wolverton if you can get him."

Dr. Fyfe got on the train, went down to Onondaga and interviewed Newton Wolverton, offering him the Chair of Mathematics. Newton demurred at giving a definite reply, but a week later received from Dr. Fyfe, a College Calendar for the year 1877-78 bearing the name "Newton Wolverton" as Professor of Mathematics. So, finally, he accepted the appointment and in September, 1877, began an educational career of great activity during the two subsequent decades, of which fourteen years were spent at Woodstock.

On July 23rd, 1879, Newton Wolverton married (Isa-)bella Cowie, daughter of John Cowie, whose father was a Scotch immigrant from Aberdeen, Scotland, who had settled in Haldimand County, Canada West, many years earlier. John Cowie's wife was Eliza Green, daughter of Irish immigrant parents from near Dublin, who had also settled in Haldimand County at an early date.

Newton Wolverton and his bride set up house-keeping in a house on the East side of Wilson Street, Woodstock, about



a block and a half from the College. There their first son, Alfred Newton was born on March 30, 1880.

About that time the venerable Doctor Fyfe died and shortly afterward the Principalship of Woodstock College was tendered to Newton Wolverton and accepted. The little family thereupon moved into a wing of the "Ladies" Building, Woodstock College, then and for six years later a co-educational institution. There for ten years was maintained a beautiful but modest home, the centre of active college life, where were entertained at one time or another every one of the leading lights of the Baptist Denomination in Ontario, as well as scores of leading educationalists from all over the world. There were cemented hundreds of intimate friendships which lasted for half a century.

Newton Wolverton was a student and a tireless worker. His heart was bound up in Woodstock College and he made a success of it, but his higher education of himself by himself did not cease. In order to lecture intelligently and to teach thoroughly, he required of himself that he become an authority in many subjects. Astronomy and astronomical mathematics became a hobby with him. He became an authority on Meteorology as well. Many Canadian and American authorities on these subjects obtained much of their education and training from him.

Expensive scientific equipment became necessary to back up the standard of training he established and maintained. The sources of funds for such purposes became problematic—and he went out and raised the funds himself. His own presentation of the necessity brought voluntary contributions again and again.

He needed an astronomical observatory, with a first-class telescope of large size and an accurate astronomical clock—so he went out and raised the money, built the observatory and installed a plant the equal of any in Canada. He required trained assistants for making and recording observations—so he himself picked and trained a number of his own mathematical students for the work. Many of the observa-



tions and records made in that observatory by Newton Wolverton and his assistants became later incorporated into standard works on Astronomy. They made successful observations of the Transit of Venus in the early eighties, and a story of this event has been handed down which will bear repetition.

Rumors of this important astronomical event excited the residents of the suburbs of Woodstock, and one night a group of frightened farmers surrounded the observatory, watching anxiously the shafts of light projected from the dome, open for the telescope. Finally, one brave old man summoned up courage to knock at the door and to inquire, with a quaver in his voice—"Is there any danger? Is the world coming to an end?"

Newton Wolverton established at Woodstock College a Meteorological Observatory, and superintended its operation and its records for many years. Shortly after its installation the Dominion and Ontario Governments officially recognized and subsidized it, and for many years Newton Wolverton became recognized as the authority on weather predictions and records for that part of Ontario. Some of his student-assistants became nationally known authorities themselves many years later.

His prestige as an Educationalist, particularly along mathematical lines, was early recognized by the authorities when he was appointed a member of the Senate of Toronto University—the first of three similar appointments in later years.

In the early eighties, he was admitted to membership in a society of mathematicians so select that there were said to be only a score or so eligible for membership in America. The discussion of the most abstruse problems of higher mathematics and their solution was the delight of the members of that society. The story is told of one professor-member who sent Newton Wolverton a very involved but apparently correct method for squaring a circle, with an invitation for criticism.



The solution tendered was by geometrical calculation, and in his first resume Newton Wolverton was unable to prove the fallacy of the result. However, in twenty minutes he proved its fallacy by trigonometrical methods, and returned the calculations with his compliments. Imagine his surprise a week or two later, to receive a note from his correspondent—"You have failed to prove the fallacy of my solution, except by trigonometrical methods. So much the worse for Trigonometry, which I maintain to be no more than an inexact science."

While Newton Wolverton had already attained a very high standing in academic work, he was intensely practical as well.



NEWTON WOLVERTON, 1885
Principal, Woodstock College

His mathematical mind was constantly at work on practical every-day problems, and if some of his ideas which he sketched out in detail on paper had been patented, there is no doubt that he would have been a rich man. One of these was the idea of the linotype which he developed on paper in



great detail many years before its development and patent by others.

He always maintained, all through the eighties, and later, that "Given a metal as strong as steel, but with half the weight; and a fuel twice as powerful as coal per unit of power development x weight, and he would build a successful flying-machine in sixty days." He lived to see both in common use—aluminum alloy and the gasoline engine.

McMaster University was established in Toronto, Principal Newton Wolverton was appointed a Senator, and the former affiliation with Toronto University was discontinued. The Theological Department of Woodstock College was removed to McMaster and about 1886 the Ladies' Department in Woodstock was discontinued and re-established in Moulton Ladies' College in Toronto. Principal Wolverton fought against these changes, maintaining that they constituted the beginning of the disintegration of Woodstock College—which proved to be correct many years later. However, more money was required and was forthcoming, provided growth and development were confined to Toronto—inferentially to Principal Wolverton—at the expense of Woodstock College.

So Newton Wolverton resigned as Principal, and the Board of Governors of McMaster gave him a beautifully illuminated address and an honorarium of a thousand dollars, and pressed him to remain as Professor of Mathematics and Chairman of Finance. He finally agreed to do so, and his first official act on behalf of Woodstock College was to accept from himself, personally, a contribution of \$1,000—and to endorse over the Board's honorarium.

While his intimate friends always knew of Newton's abnormal appetite and capacity for Tobacco — an appetite which he was forced to curb to the limit while holding a position of authority in Woodstock College—few of them knew that a very small "quid" frequently found lodgment far back in his left cheek. No boy in public school was more expert in disguising the matter either. However, he was al-



ways from the date of his entrance into the Canadian Literary Institute, an uncompromising Prohibitionist. He was one of the Charter Members of the Temperance and General Life Insurance Company, and naturally took out a policy in his own company. That was dated February 1, 1886—was



ISABELLA COWIE WOLVERTON (1854-1890)
First wife of Newton Wolverton

numbered T 7—and remained in force for forty-six years less one day, by far the oldest policy in existence when he died.

A few years after organization the Temperance and General presented an opportunity to two other leading companies looking toward control. These two companies bought up outstanding stock in competition until a matter of a very few shares spelled control. Finally, the Manufacturers Life bought Newton's few shares at a figure of \$175 per share.

What with losing the Theological Department, the Ladies' Department, and one year of University work, all of which were taken to Toronto, Woodstock College urgently required building up in other ways, purely as a boy's school.



THE FIRST MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL IN CANADA

Newton Wolverton, with a world of practical as well as academic experience, conceived the idea of establishing a department for the purpose of teaching students something of some of the trades—an exceedingly useful adjunct to a purely academic training. However, he had some difficulty in “selling the idea” to the Senate, of which he was still a member. The principal objections were “Lack of dignity”, “Lack of necessity” and “Lack of money for plant”.

But, once Newton Wolverton decided in his own mind that a plan was sound and practicable, he constituted himself a Committee of One to push it to success. He staged a little “setting” in his own back-yard, for the benefit of the members of the Board, who had just completed a meeting called to discuss the plan. Incidentally one prominent member of the Board was himself the head of a great cabinet-making and wood-working industry.

Newton had for years maintained for his own amusement and exercise a well-appointed carpenter-shop behind his home, and was accustomed to turning out some of the most beautiful work—indeed, nothing short of perfection would satisfy him.

He had just completed a boat—it was 12 feet long and his cedar had been picked from a hundred logs, one of which had been quarter-sawn to his order, and air-dried for months, both before and after cutting. The “straiths” were $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, absolutely “clear” and in one length. “Knees” and stem and stern posts were not merely ordinarily steamed and bent frames, but were made from “natural crooks” cut in the woods by hand, from cedar roots.

That boat weighed thirty-eight pounds, was tested to carry eight hundred pounds in smooth water, and had been varnished and “French-polished” to a piano finish. There was not a flaw in it. Such was the “job” that had been set up in the brilliant sunshine of the Wolverton garden, for inspection by the members of the Board.



Said Wolverton—"Your objections merit carefully considered replies. To your first objection, 'Lack of necessity', I make the statement that my best student is working his way through college by virtue of his ability as a mechanic in a shop in Galt in his holiday time. It took him years to achieve an ability to do that work, so that he is twenty-three years old before he reaches a financial position to complete his academic education, and even then that entirely laudable objective is entirely dependent upon work with his hands."

"To your second objection 'Lack of funds', I propose to go out and raise the money myself for such a department, which I fully believe will develop into one of the most important in this institution."

"To your third objection, I point to that boat. I maintain that there is no lack of dignity in teaching a boy to turn out a job equal to that, and on the other hand the very attainment of an ability to do so constitutes no unimportant part of a broad education, no matter what calling or profession he may enter."

The leading member of the Board, later to be officially designated "Sir"; himself employing hundreds in his big factories, came back instantly:

"Wolverton, if you can teach my boys to turn out work like that, you go ahead with your shop."

Such was the beginning of the first Manual Training School in the Dominion of Canada, perhaps the first in America. The idea originated with Newton Wolverton; the establishment and organization of that department of Woodstock College was carried out by Newton Wolverton, on money that he went out and raised himself. He built a splendid building, bought and installed plant and equipment for all sorts of wood-working, blacksmithing and machine work, and inaugurated a three-year course. More—he personally instructed his students in many branches of rough and fine carpenter work, turning, cabinet work and finishing—and showed them by example how to do it. In the



second year of their course he did the same in blacksmithing and elementary machine work — and in their third year carried them on into fine machine work, some of which required accuracy to $2/10,000$ ths of an inch. The plant was powered by a big stationary gas engine at a time when gas-engine practice was primitive, but inaccuracies in that engine as turned out by the manufacturer, were eliminated, and adjustments and improvements added by Newton Wolverton himself, so that for years that “plant” became a “show plant” for all that part of Ontario. Hundreds of students from all over the Dominion of Canada and parts of the United States remember with great pleasure their “Manual Training Days” at Woodstock College.

Newton Wolverton’s thorough knowledge of mechanics, mechanical and heating problems, and kindred subjects, is well exemplified by his instantaneous action one night, which probably avoided many fatalities.

A new steam-heating plant had been installed in the main building of Woodstock College. A student-janitor was appointed fireman and engineer. One evening he permitted the boilers to run dry, when they quickly became red-hot and started to smoke furiously. That engineer ran to look after his plant, but Newton Wolverton, who was passing through a hall just above, smelled smoke, and also ran. He got there just in time to see the engineer reach for the cold-water tap. The quickest method of stopping him was by means of his fist—and Mr. Engineer dropped cold. Newton Wolverton, himself drew the fires and permitted the gradual cooling of the red-hot inferno, thus avoiding an explosion which would have wrecked the plant and probably the building full of students.

On February 6th, 1888, Newton Wolverton’s second son, Harold Alonzo, was born in Woodstock College, on September 13th, 1890, his first daughter, Bella Rose, was born, and on October 4th, 1890, his wife, his “Peerless Bella” passed to her great reward. Her funeral was one of the largest ever known in Woodstock. Hers was the first death in Newton’s



immediate family, and with the exception of a grand-child who died in very early infancy, the second was his own, more than forty-one years later.

THE BIRCHALL TRIAL

About this time, probably in the early part of 1890, occurred the famous Benwell Murder and the equally famous Birchall Trial which took place a few months later and in which Newton Wolverton's evidence was of utmost importance.

Birchall inaugurated the practice of inducing English boys to come to Canada to learn farming. For a fee of \$500 he undertook to teach them successful farming as carried on in Canada, and to assist them in settling in favorable locations. He succeeded in getting a young Englishman named Benwell to come to Canada; met him at Niagara Falls, where they both took a Grand Trunk train to the village of Eastwood, five miles east of Woodstock. Benwell had some money with him, just how much was never determined, but it was sufficient to tempt the unscrupulous Birchall.

Getting off the train at Eastwood, Birchall and the unsuspecting Benwell, walked a mile or so north, then east a matter of three miles and a half until they reached the heart of a cedar swamp. Birchall represented that his farm was a mile north of that point and that a short-cut through the frozen swamp would save several miles walking. A short distance from the road Benwell was foully murdered.

A few days later two local farmers, in search of cedar posts, ran across the body, lying on its back with one arm raised in such a way that the sleeve had formed a receptacle for rain and snow—a record of time when examined by a trained Meteorologist.

Birchall was caught and arrested. His movements were accurately traced from the time he met Benwell at Niagara Falls—their descent from the train at a certain hour at Eastwood, and their departure from the station. Birchall claimed that was the last he saw of Benwell. He had money and



secured the best of legal defense from Toronto, and called in his defense a well-known Meteorologist who produced records purporting to indicate that Benwell must have been murdered at least two days subsequent to his arrival at Eastwood—by which time Birchall had a perfect alibi established hundreds of miles distant.

Newton Wolverton, the recognized authority on Meteorology in Western Ontario was called by the Prosecution. He produced absolutely unquestioned records of weather conditions prevailing every three hours, including maximum and minimum temperatures, rain and snow precipitation—and analyzed the contents of the sleeve of the victim from a meteorological stand-point, including the element of time, with a marvelous degree of accuracy. From his own records, taken only about eight miles from the scene of the murder; so much sleet in so many hours; so much snow following; so much frost; so much rain followed by so much freezing; and again so much sleet and so much snow—a clear record kept eight times a day. The evidence from Toronto was entirely controverted, either erroneous in record, or a material difference in weather conditions a hundred miles distant. Newton Wolverton's evidence was so clear, and so unbroken by the strongest cross-examination, that the famous Judge, in summing up, characterized it as the most wonderful interpretation of evidence sent by Heaven that he had ever seen. The Wolverton evidence was undoubtedly instrumental in sending Birchall to the gallows.

HOLIDAY TIME

At this point it is necessary to revert to Newton Wolverton's holiday time—about 1880, the first real holidays he ever enjoyed.

The mental pace which Newton Wolverton set for himself and maintained for many many years, necessitated real recuperation, and vacation time had to be carefully planned to insure the greatest mental rest at the minimum of cost.

Muskoka was the "wilds of Northern Ontario" in those



days, the logical locale to get away from the eternal grind involved in successfully carrying on the work at Woodstock College.

So Newton Wolverson and his friend D. K. Clark, a Scotch professor of sterling worth, kindly character and a real sense of humor, formed a sort of "Holiday partnership" which lasted for more than thirteen years.

They bundled up tents and camp equipment and went to Port Carling, Muskoka, where they and their wives camped for parts of two seasons. High lights of those two seasons included the rescue by Newton Wolverson, assisted by a huge Newfoundland dog, Carlo, of his baby boy from seven feet of water; and the rescue of Mrs. D. K. Clark from a similar fate.

Newton and "D. K.", along with their respective wives, were bathing in a little lake named "Silver Lake" not far from Port Carling. Newton was a very strong swimmer, but "D. K." not so strong. Neither of the ladies could swim (at that time). All of a sudden Mrs. Clark slipped off a ledge into deep water "and Bella screamed 'Mary's drowning'." Newton went after her, but she struggled and he found her difficult to handle. However, he gripped her upper arm and succeeded in bringing her out—and for nearly a year the marks of his thumb and fingers remained on that arm where he had gripped it nearly to the bone.

Tenting at Port Carling was too much of a make-shift for the partners, who visioned a more permanent summer home. So they took their row-boat "The Old Nick" and covered most of Lake Rosseau and all of Lake Joseph in search of "The Island of their Dreams." They had a wide choice, too, for at that time there were only two or three occupied islands in the whole of Lake Rosseau and less in Lake Joseph all the way from Port Sandfield to Port Cockburn.

After a week's active exploration, they pulled up to an island, almost the geographical centre of island-studded Lake Joseph, and shown on old maps as "Homer Island". Both ejaculated in concert "By George, this is the place".



So they bought that island from James Lount, of Toronto, who had acquired it with others from the Government a year or two before. They paid the munificent sum of \$75 for it, and named it "Belle-Marie" after the names of their respective wives. That island became for more than a decade the joint summer home of both growing families, and where were entertained at times as many as thirty guests, for the most part prominent Baptists from all over Canada and some from abroad.

So, early in the summer of 1882, a very small tug towed a very large barge loaded with lumber up to the granite bench fronting the island, and very soon all hands had that lumber and the usual camp equipment unloaded, supper cooked and tents pitched—the first day's residence on Belle-Marie.

Newton and "D. K." were thorough believers in the precept that physical labor constituted a real rest from mental fatigue—and from the very first a routine was established whereby all hands, including visitors, worked in the forenoons until 11:30, which was the appointed time for the day's swim. After noon dinner, the afternoon was devoted to "play".

A cottage, with a verandah all round, was started, as well as many tent-floors. Newton and "D. K." took great pride in the fact that all work done on that island, for nearly twenty years involved the hiring of no labor. The first cottage involved a kitchen and dining room only, from which were partitioned off two small bed-rooms. One of the door-jambs of that old dining room carried, by means of recorded heights, each year, a complete record of every member of both families and of all the guests, for about fifteen years.

Year by year accommodations required to be increased and a dozen years later that cottage contained, in addition to the original dining room and kitchen, a total of six bed-rooms, and additional bed-room accommodation was furnished by means of five or six tents. Early necessities were a boat-house, ice house and steamer wharf, which were duly built during



subsequent years by the utilization of the same amateur, but efficient labor.

Two or three years later, the attractions of that part of Lake Joseph began to appeal to others, many of whom had been guests on Belle-Marie, and before long a regular Baptist colony was established within a radius of a couple of miles. Among others, Dr. A. H. Newman, of McMaster University, Toronto; Professor N. S. McKechnie, of Woodstock College; Professor S. J. Farmer, of Woodstock College, later of McMaster; Professor T. P. Hall, of Woodstock College, later of Clark University, Chicago; Mr. Bundy of Toronto; Rev. E. W. Dadson, Baptist Pastor of Woodstock, later of Montreal; Rev. S. S. Bates, well-known divine of Toronto; Professor J. I. Bates, of Woodstock College; Mr. Par-doe, Librarian of the Province of Ontario; Mr. Johnston, prominent merchant prince of Toronto; Governor Robinson, of Toronto; all took up islands and established summer homes, in the immediate neighborhood.

The development of the Wolverton-Clark "colony" on Belle-Marie necessitated boat accommodation. The first boat was the "Old Nick", jointly owned and which was brought up that first year from Port Carling. No records indicate its origin or cost, but it was probably acquired second-hand for a song. For work-purposes a "punt" was quickly put together at a cost of perhaps \$5 in materials. Later boat equipment for many years originated in Newton Wolverton's shop in Woodstock—and his boats were long acknowledged as "show-boats".

The first one he built was about 14 feet long, but some of the straits on one side had been steamed more than those on the other side, and when the boat shrunk into permanent shape after coming off the moulds, it did not "set" accurately, and therefore refused to steer straight. Newton's pride was not satisfied, so after one season's use the "Daisy" was sold for \$15.

Newton's second attempt was a canvas boat, built on the theory that it would be abnormally light. The boat was a



success in every way except that the canvas absorbed so much paint that the boat weighed fully twenty pounds more than planned. So "The Rocket" was sold for \$10 at the end of a season's use.

Then followed a second "Daisy", the boat which had much to do with the founding of the first Manual Training School in Canada. That boat was always the pride of Newton Wolvertton's heart and was used continually every season for more than a decade. Newton rowed that second "Daisy" thousands of miles and carried it over his head for hundreds of miles through the northern wilds.

Newton was very expert as an amateur sailor. Every boat he ever had was fitted with one or more sails, but up to this time none had been designed and built by him with the particular purpose of good sailing qualities. So, he designed and built the "Grace Darling", an 18-foot skiff—just as perfect in every detail as the second "Daisy", and fitted with a new patented folding centre-board, perhaps the first one used in Ontario.

He designed and made up all his own sails. In those early days "Sprit Sails" were in universal use on small sail boats. That "Grace Darling" was a dream boat with her "Sprit Sail" but the following year, Newton decided that she could be improved. So he built a very tall sail—from his own design—a type of sail for which no name was even suggested. It had a very tall mast, but no "gaff" nor "sprit", but was hoisted by one halyard to the peak of that mast, from which point the after-edge of the sail extended directly to the outer end of the boom. He sewed two or three battens in the outer edge of that sail "to make it stand out". It amounted to nothing more than what was "originated" and named "The Marconi Rig" a quarter century later, and universally adopted as the most efficient type of racing canvas.

But the "Grace Darling" had no "outside ballast" (nor any inside ballast either), and while that beautiful rig made her the fastest "Ghoster" that had ever been known, she had insufficient stability to carry that spread of canvas in any-



thing more than a zephyr, and that beautiful rig had to be scrapped.

An open canoe was later acquired "for my boy" (the eldest son) to which he naturally fitted "racing canvas" consisting of a "Main" and a "Mizzen", together with a pair of big lee-boards and a sliding seat (in subsequent years known in sailing-canoe practice as a "hiking board"). In that double-purpose canoe that boy became very expert, making very close to world's record time in the "Paddling Upset". However, the strain on that light canoe, carrying all that spread of canvas, was too much, and one day the entire bow twisted off and the canoe went to pieces beyond repair. Dad and "D. K." came out and salvaged the derelict.

"A yacht" was long the secret ambition of the family, but Newton Wolverton could not spare the money. However, "Mr. Morris, a rich Insurance Man from Toronto" possessed a "Mac" (a small Georgian Bay modified schooner) which was a good boat, but which he had never been able to sail to advantage against other "yachts". He planned to replace it with a "new carvel-built 'Mac' which cost \$505" a figure far beyond the Wolverton purse. However, after most careful inspection, he was persuaded to sell his old one for \$160—and the Wolvertons acquired the long desired "yacht". Incidentally, some wonderful sailing was done with that old boat, which Newton Wolverton sailed so well that it not only beat the boat built to beat it, but ranked well up in Muskoka racing for years.

The last of the Wolverton boats was "The Chum" a real "sailing canoe" and a good one. It was, of course, bought second-hand, after much bargaining. However, it was always sailed by Newton's son, and this story has nothing to do with it.

A college professor, on a meagre salary, always had to practise real economy. Especially was careful budgeting necessary when large parties were entertained for days and sometimes for weeks. Frequently twenty sat down to dinner at Belle-Marie and occasionally as many as thirty-five.



The fare was necessarily of the plainest but there was always plenty. The foundation of nearly every meal consisted of one or more of five items—Oatmeal Porridge, Fish, Beans, Potatoes and Huckleberries. The oatmeal, potatoes and beans were taken up to Muskoka by the quarter-ton. The fish and huckleberries had to be secured every day by the family and guests—and not maybe. Fortunately, Black Bass and Pickerel were plentiful in the waters of Lake Joseph—and favorable spots soon became familiar—and a dozen islands in the neighborhood were untenanted and carried heavy crops of wild berries. Some years the berry crop was so good that the Wolvertons and Clarks not only supplied current necessities, but took home hundreds of jars of delicious preserved fruit. However some of the family did not consider huckleberries so delicious when they had to eat them every day.

Newton Wolverton possessed the soul of an explorer. Each season at least two trips were made to "Crane Lake" or other unexplored districts lying north of Lake Joseph and over toward Georgian Bay. Sometimes such trips were made by Newton and a companion, sometimes a party of four or six was made up, taking two or three boats or canoes. Many thrilling incidents, some of them carrying a good deal of humor and some of near-tragedy are remembered. It was generally a case of "look after yourself" for many of the lakes visited were entirely virgin and many of the portages and trails leading to them were personally cut out by Newton himself. In those early years it was the exception rather than the rule to meet anybody on such trips. In such a way Newton explored more than a hundred lakes in the district—and some of them were put on the map for the first time by him.

He took the first Muskellonge out of Crane Lake, when fishing for pickerel. He always maintained that "Lunge" and Pike never inhabited the same lake, although frequently adjoining lakes contained Pike in one and Lunge in the other—but no Pike was ever taken in "Lunge Water"



and no "Lunge" in "Pike Water".

Bass Lake flowed into Lake Joseph at one corner of Foote's Bay. One day when hunting for partridges back from the shore of Bass Lake, Newton discovered a small lake which did not flow into Bass Lake, there being a height-of-land in between. He inferred that that lake must flow into the Moon River, known to flow northwestward from Lake Muskoka into Georgia Bay and probably not more than ten or fifteen miles distant. Of course, the inference demanded exploration.

So he came back to Lake Joseph and organized a little party a week later. There were four of them and they took two canoes. They found the outlet of that unnamed lake (later named Cassidy Lake) and followed it down through a maze of beaver dams and three or four other small lakes, also unnamed at that time, and finally got through to Moon River—having discovered and followed a route known to no other persons. On their return trip that private route was cut out for easier travel, and for years it became their easiest route to the Georgian Bay waters.

Newton Wolverton always carried a shot-gun and a rifle with him on his trips. The Ontario hunting season was observed—occasionally—but a hungry family required to be fed. Newton's gun was kept active and on one occasion he brought down four ducks with one barrel.

Once, too—on this same Cassidy Lake-Moon River Route—Newton Wolverton, in the bow of a canoe, just emerging into a beaver meadow a few hundred yards short of "Lunge Lake" dropped a fine 2-year-old buck. An odd two or three ducks were already in the canoe.

Lunge Lake lay just short of the Moon River, reached through a very short "cut", clear of obstructions but with very high and precipitous banks. That deer was shot less than a quarter of a mile from Lunge Lake and not more than half a mile from the Moon River. That rifle-shot was heard by a party passing on the Moon—and that party was guided by an Ontario game warden.



When that buck was partly dressed, on the banks of the creek, one of the party spotted the heads of three canoe-loads over the beaver meadow—coming up the creek for a “look-see”. That deer was hauled back into the bush instantly, and when the “foreign party” arrived the Wolverton “gang” were eating bacon and beans on the bank—and had no deer. Unfortunately, the gamewarden-guide knew his business, got out, walked straight to that rifle, still warm—and thence followed blood-stains to that deer. The fat was in the fire.

However, while the Wolverton “gang” admitted firing a rifle “at a mark”, in reply to the direct question as to who killed that deer, they “refused to incriminate” themselves; the game warden was not just sure of his authority to arrest anybody, “without the goods on them” and the Wolverton gang certainly were in possession of no incriminating deer. He never thought to look in a canoe for ducks which were covered up by pack-sacks. However, Mr. Game Warden thought he knew his business. He asked the party where they came from, and when they said Lake Joseph, he thought he knew they lied—and that he would a little later get them “with the goods”. He knew that whole country and knew there was no route through from Lake Joseph. So he got into his own canoe with the suggestion that when the (Wolverton) party got back to Bala, they bring him a steak.

Immediately on his withdrawal, the Wolverton “gang” bundled that partly-dressed deer into a blanket and started back for Lake Jo. They travelled all night and pulled into Lake Jo at daylight and up to Belle-Marie before 5:30 a.m. Several eminent Baptist divines received presents of mutton haunches that morning before breakfast. No questions were asked nor answered.

Years later that game-warden-guide admitted that he waited three days on the Moon River, at the entrance of that creek from Lunge Lake—but that (Wolverton) gang never appeared with their deer.

One of those trips down the Moon River came very nearly ending in tragedy. Newton Wolverton, his son, and George



Sale (President of Atlanta Baptist Seminary) in the "Daisy" and T. P. Hall and his wife in their own canoe, essayed a trip from Lake Joseph through to the Moon River; thence down that fast-flowing stream to the Georgian Bay; thence across the bay some eight miles, up through Blackstone Harbor, Little Blackstone Lake, Crane Lake, Blackstone Lake and back to Lake Jo from the North by way of a number of lakes and over seven or eight portages. It was probably the first time a woman had ever attempted such a trip.

In attempting to run the "Knife Rapids" a big hemlock log with hundreds of branches and knots still in it was discovered to have fallen about three quarters of the distance across the river. The velocity of water was so great that the "Daisy" struck it and went under, with a hole three feet long and three inches wide torn in her side by hemlock knots. All three passengers reached shore a hundred yards downstream and caught the boat below the rapids.

Unfortunately, guns and fishing tackle were all on board the "Daisy", as well as all the provisions. Tents and blankets and other sundry equipment were in the canoe. Everything was lost out of the "Daisy".

A council-of-war was held. Newton and his crew maintained that everything had gone down the river. Dr. Hall suggested that the rifle, being heavy, might have lodged in the bottom of the rapid, possibly four or five feet deep, and he proposed to try for it. He stripped to the skin, all but his boots, and crept out to the end of that hemlock log—and one of the funniest sights the writer has ever seen was that tall doctor, fully six feet five inches and very thin, without a stitch of clothes on, undertaking to drive his feet down into that fast-running water to get a grip on the rocks below the end of that log.

But the water was too fast, and instantly jerked his feet out from under him, leaving him streaming down-hill himself, still wildly maintaining his hold on that hemlock. That water was so strong that it ripped the soles off his boots, all



but an inch at the toes, and Dr. Hall required rescuing himself.

The party was stranded without provisions, without guns, without fishing tackle, and without matches. It was more than ten miles up-stream, very hard going, to a settler, and perhaps fifteen down-stream to a settler on the Bay. There was no time lost in making a decision to continue down-stream.

First, that hole in the "Daisy" had to be patched. A canvas pack-strap was ripped, a few tacks were pulled out of the bottom-boards of that little boat, and a canvas patch, five inches wide and three feet long prepared. The party searched for pine to get some pitch. There was no pine in that "neck of the woods". Finally some hemlock knots were secured, but required boiling before any pitch could be obtained. Matches were lacking, but a watch crystal was successful in setting improvised tinder into a blaze—so a very little pitch was secured and the patch made reasonably water-tight.

The party got started after about five hours — and in twenty-four reached that settler's cabin on the Bay. That cabin had been abandoned, and the only thing of value discovered there was a box of matches.

Eventually the party got around to Blackstone Lake in fifty-six hours from the time of the accident—and not a thing beyond some berries had any of them had to eat. Incidentally, Dr. Hall's boot-soles had been sewn on by cotton strips torn from a tent, helped out by willow-withes. When a settler's cabin was reached on Blackstone Lake, that party ate for an hour and then lay on their backs for four hours.

That same place on Blackstone Lake was always well-remembered. It could be reached from an arm of Crane Lake by a mile-long portage. A Wolverton "gang" ran out of provisions one day on Crane Lake, so Newton and three others, including his son, undertook to go over to Blackstone Lake for "grub". It was a dark and stormy night and they temporarily lost the trail, so it was about midnight when they reached the big cabin on Blackstone Lake. It was de-



cided that they stay all night—Mr. Settler said the accommodations were good. After sundry children of all ages and sexes had been hauled down out of the attic, three beds were prepared for the visitors, who were more than glad to retire immediately. An hour or so later their joy was far from so complete. That attic had been the habitat of thousands upon thousands of small but thoroughly authoritative denizens for many many years, and every one of them appreciated college blood.

Over toward Georgian Bay was a lake named "Six-Mile-Lake" which Newton and his "gang" visited frequently in the late 80's and early 90's. On one trip Newton worked his way into a little lake, not shown on most maps, but discovered about that time and named "Ka-Pe-Kog Lake". Its location by compass calculations showed it to be only eight or nine miles in an air-line from an arm of Lake Jo.

So Newton interviewed a settler named Barnes, who lived on that arm, and who said that years before hunters had gone in on the snow in the winter and built a camp there—but that if any trail had been made, it could not possibly be followed in the summer. Newton was game to try anyway, so he and three of his "gang" got through that nine mile portage in a full day's going. More, they took the "Daisy" with them. Incidentally, it was unusually fortunate that they found water part way through—though that fact came very nearly causing trouble a year later.

When they got to Ka-Pe-Kog they found the most marvelous bass fishing ever known to man. Four-five-six and yes seven-pound bass, both large-mouthed and small-mouthed varieties were there in such numbers as no member of that party had believed possible. With one boat only, used in turn by each couple, the others fishing from shore, that party took and kept 21 bass which weighed 81 pounds, and they returned to the water every fish which appeared to weigh less than four pounds, probably at least fifty or more—and they did it in four hours.

Ka-Pe-Kog was a real find, but it was a small lake, and off



the beaten trail, and it was just as well to maintain a certain amount of secrecy about it.

However, the follownig year two trips to Ka-Pe-Kog were made by Newton Wolverton and some of his "gang". The first included his son, also Avern Pardoe, his son's chum who was many years later to become a very important man in Canadian financial circles, and George Sale. They reached the lake without more difficulty than a tremendous amount of very hard travelling, the latter part being in pouring rain.

The rain cleared off late in the evening and the party proceeded to dry off in front of a roaring camp fire built on a big rock near the lake margin. It was quite logical to take off clothes and boots, spread them on the rocks a reasonable distance from the fire, and when dry put them on before "bedding down" on boughs dumped in the shelter of the old hunter's camp. No one appreciated, however, that some types of rock constitute good conductors of heat, particularly if impregnated with iron or other mineral. Most of those underclothes—and one pair of boots—belonging to George Sale—were singed so badly that they fell to pieces when rescued. Fortunately, George had a light pair of rubber "sneaks", but he was nearly bare-foot before he got home through that nine-mine trackless portage.

After that trip two or three weeks of very dry and hot weather intervened before a second trip in to Ka-Pe-Kog was made. The party consisted of Dr. A. H. Newman and his son Hackett, later to become a celebrated professor in Chicago University, with Newton and his son. They reached the lake, and that night in that same hunters' shack, without any door a "bear" visited the sleeping party—only to be identified, after a tremendous furore, as an unusually large porcupine.

They caught a hundred pounds of fish the following day, and started back the second day. They got part way through, to the point where water had been found before—but that water hole was dry—the weather was hot, and they had had no water since 7 a.m. There was nothing but to struggle



on—but three hours later they lost the vestige of trail Newton had previously blazed—and the matter became serious. A further two hours struggle through burned dry swamp and Dr. Newman and his son gave up—they could go no farther. Newton insisted on his son going on, and within an hour they found the trail, and water a little farther on. They back-tracked, with a small bucket of precious fluid, and found their companions sitting on the same log where they had been left.

As has been said, Newton explored at least a hundred lakes in that north country. He was one of the very few men who at one time or another covered almost every lake between Parry Sound on the Georgian Bay, and Peterborough, by way of Lake of Bays and the Haliburton Lakes. On one occasion, accompanied by some of his “gang” he asked a farmer-settler for permission to sleep in his barn. That settler gave a grudging assent, but the party on leaving for the barn heard the housewife ejaculate “Sam, you know what happened when that last bunch of tramps slept in the barn”.

Those summer days on Lake Joseph are punctuated by humerous incidents. For instance, the horror of the old Scotch captain of a “Supply Boat” when one of the ladies appeared in a bathing suit without stockings. It was positively shocking.

It was natural that a Baptist colony such as had been established on Lake Joseph should enjoy very good preaching. Many eminent divines took charge of services held under the trees in “Footes Bay”. Two boat loads from Belle-Marie invariably attended, and later the “Wolverton Yacht” was generally anchored hard by the place of service. There may even have been a certain amount of quite unofficial racing on the homeward course, but that was never admitted. One day a visitor surreptitiously dropped a trawling line overboard, but when he hooked a fish he cut the line rather than be caught fishing on Sunday.

At one of those services, Newton Wolverton himself took charge. At one point in the sermon he made the statement



that he "could see signs of change and decay" in every direction. "D. K." Clark and his family were grouped around in a circle close in front, and it was not until after the service that Newton Wolverton learned the cause of the unholy mirth from the boys in the back seats.

One day Newton Wolverton was coming up Lake Joseph on the regular passenger steamer, which was crowded to the rail with American tourists. Dr. Dadson, of Montreal, was on board and as the boat was warping into the Dadson wharf, Newton remarked that Jack, Dr. Dadson's boy of about ten years, and who was awaiting his father on the wharf, was wearing mighty little by way of clothes.

So, the eminent Dr. Dadson, all two hundred and forty pounds of him, rolled down the gang-plank, with—to Jack—"I'll teach you to disgrace the family" and thereupon seized the youngster by the nape of his neck and the seat of his extra short "shorts" and heaved him into the lake, to the consternation of a hundred tourists, but to the great joy of the rest of the boys.

Occasionally there were tragedies in the big summer colony. None will soon forget the unfortunate death of Professor J. I. Bates. He had been badly run down, but it was hoped and expected that Muskoka would soon build him up to his usual good health again. But he contracted blood-poisoning from the prick of a foul fish-hook. The second day his son came up to Belle-Marie to have a water-tight box made for his father's arm. It was soon made, but was painted with white-lead, which the doctor said would not do. So, the following day, a box sealed with pine-pitch was constructed. That was all right—but the third call, only a day or two later, was for a coffin.

After the close of the college term in June there was always a rush to get away to Muskoka—and the return late in August was always postponed till the last possible day. Those days were days of rest, recuperation and real play. D. K. Clark was a rare story-teller of Scotch stories, and something of a practical joker. He probably scored on Newton oftener



than vice versa, but one year Newton finished "one up on D. K."

"D. K." would eat no bear-meat, but one day shortly before the close of the season Newton brought home a bear-steak, and in serving dinner pressed "D.K." to try it. "No, thanks, give me some pork" replied "D. K." So Newton served him a large piece of bear-meat and a very small piece of pork, with the remark that he would give him a small piece of bear to try anyway. "D. K." ate the large piece with great gusto and put the small piece aside—to the unholy glee of the rest of the crowd who had been "tipped off". That incident squared the score for the season—but at the last minute, an opportunity presented itself that enabled Newton to carry off the laurels for the whole year.

"D. K." had a Spaniel, "Prince", the apple of his eye. In returning from Muskoka it was necessary to change from the steamer to the Grand Trunk at Gravenhurst. Like all campers, the Wolverton-Clark party always had much camp-equipment to check. While looking after that work "D. K." tied "Prince" to the railing of the last car of the Toronto train. Newton finished checking his baggage and stopped to speak to the dog; a little boy inquired if the dog was not to be put on the train. "Oh, that is 'Prince', Mr. Clark's famous dog. He teaches him to run by tying him behind the train." The youngster galloped off to his mother with "Oh, Mother come see the dog that is going to run all the way to Toronto." Newton vanished, but a very indignant lady of unusual avoirdupois constituted herself a committee of one to point out to "D.K." the heartless cruelty practiced on an innocent dog.

There were plenty of Bass, Pickerel, Lake Trout and "Lunge" in Muskoka, but there were no Speckled Trout. So, one year when Newton Wolverton had business in the Maritime Provinces, probably raising money for Woodstock College, he took some trout tackle and went to Prince Edward Island, where he was promised his "fill of trout fishing".



He took two hundred trout in three days—and his host had a home-made canning plant and showed Newton how to “can” fish. So Newton carefully dressed all those trout, followed directions carefully, and put up forty-eight cans to take home. The express amounted to many dollars—“but it was worth it”. Shortly after his return to Woodstock, sundry friends were invited to a big “Speckled Trout Dinner”. Unfortunately, however, Newton’s amateur canning practice had involved the use of about four times as much salt as necessary—and the “Trout Dinner” was ruined.

Newton told another story about that trip which is worth repeating:

He had been instrumental in getting his brother-in-law into the Engineering Department of the Dominion Civil Service. Fred W. Cowie, later became one of the most celebrated Harbor Engineers in the world—but at that time he was in charge of important dredging operations on the St. Lawrence Ship Channel below Montreal.

As is common in such undertakings, costs were exceeding estimates and some of the Ministers in Ottawa questioned the practical necessity for additional expense. The Department at Ottawa wired Engineer Cowie that a very important party would visit his operation, and to have things ready for them. There was no doubt in the Engineer’s mind regarding the necessities, but he conceived the idea that a real demonstration would clinch the argument; so he “planted” a great boulder in the bottom of the river channel, in the most convenient spot to recover it with his big dredge. Everything worked successfully and that big rock was hoisted on to the accompanying barge—thoroughly demonstrating the necessity of the work, to obviate the most serious danger to world shipping coming up the river.

But that particular boulder had been lying on the shore for months and somebody had cleaned a red paint brush on it. One of those Ministers discovered that red-paint—but that Engineer was equal to the occasion. Said he—“that just goes to prove the vital necessity for my work. Some great vessel



has undoubtedly come close to disaster when her bottom scraped that very boulder." And the argument appeared to be so sound that additional expenditure was ratified without delay.

Newton's father Enos Wolverton returned from Kansas in the late "eighties" and lived for the remainder of his life in the old home at Wolverton. He became so much interested in his son Newton's prestige in matters of astronomy, that he, himself, took up an intensive study of the subject when he was already seventy-five years old. During the last few years of his life he had constructed, under his own supervision, some of the best "Maps of the Heavens" on a large scale that had been known up to that time.

Enos had been absent from Wolverton for about twenty years, and when he came back he went up to the village Cemetery to view the family burying ground. On examination of the tomb-stones, he achieved the idea that the graves had been improperly marked, and that Miriam, his second wife and Jasper, his son, both of whom died in 1861, were resting each in the other's grave. So he ordered the graves opened, and in order to obviate any suggestion of dishonor, a religious ceremony was held, at which many of the family were present. The graves were found to be correctly marked, but it is stated that, whereas merely a skeleton remained of Jasper, Miriam appeared as natural as the day she died.

Enos interested himself very earnestly in Electricity, built an electro-medical bath-house on the banks of the river and rapidly accustomed himself to the reception of very unusual voltages. In his private laboratory, as well, were many types of batteries and other electrical equipment. This hobby, however, accidentally led to his death at the age of eighty-three. He caught a slight bronchial cold, for which a bottle of cough-mixture was secured. That bottle was the same shape and size, however, as a bottle of sulphuric acid used for electrical experimenting, and the old man got them



mixed in the dark. He died in 1893 and rests in the old Wolverton Burying Ground.

After the death of Newton Wolverton's first wife, in 1890, life became, for a time, not worth living. His niece, Miss Dora Goble, took hold of his house-hold, however, and for nearly three years "Cousin Dora" played "Mother" to Newton's three motherless children. He could not forget, however, and decided to leave Woodstock the following year.

In June, 1891, he was tendered the Presidency of Bishop College, Marshall, Texas, a large school conducted under the auspices of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, for negroes only. He accepted the appointment and was inaugurated the following September. "Cousin Dora" went along to keep the home together.

He took hold of the institution in his customary vigorous manner, and one of the first developments was the establishment of a particularly well-appointed Manual Training Department, as well as a well-equipped printing office—both departments superintended by himself.

His staff in all departments were personally selected, some from Canada, some from the northern states, all the very best he could get. Before long Bishop College attained recognition as superior to any school in that part of the South, either for negroes or whites—and this very efficiency led to friction.

The color-line was very rigidly drawn and observed, and the little colony of efficient educationalists at Bishop College incurred no little ostracism from the better class of the people of the city of Marshall, entirely due to their education of negroes.

This spirit culminated in a very serious crime at a small town a few miles east of Marshall.

Bishop College maintained a theological department, under the direction of Professor David Reddick, a Canadian of sterling character and attainments. It was his custom, on occasion, to go out to country churches to assist his theological students in conducting service. Therefore, it came



about that one Sunday night, in a village a few miles out, Professor Reddick, after a church service, waited in the little country station for a train two or three hours late. Across the road was a big saloon, running wide open, and along toward midnight a crowd of drunks organized themselves into a "White Cap Party", came over and seized Reddick. He was thrashed within an inch of his life, and sent back to Marshall with a mesage that the next victim would be "The Boss".

While President Wolverton suggested to Professor Reddick that "waiting alone in plain view of a big saloon was not exactly a safe policy" yet some official notice required to be taken. Relief by virtue of law was impossible. In any event, the President walked down town, went into the largest hardware store in the city, and bought the latest patern of a man's-sized Winchester rifle. In carrying it out, in full view of all and sundry, he remarked to the proprietor of that store "You might spread the idea to anybody who may be interested, that I keep this rifle loaded at my bed-side every night—that I was recognized as one of the five or six best shots in the American army, and that I shoot just as fast and accurately at night as I do in the day-time. White-caps may get me eventually, but I have seven shells in this magazine ready for the first seven that try". Newton Wolverton was never molested during seven year's presidency of that institution.

The president of a large institution of the character of Bishop College required to maintain a strict but absolutely just policy of government. In view of the animosity of the white population, too, an unusually careful policy of personal living had to be followed. Of course, liquor in any form was absolutely prohibited—and so was tobacco. The president frequently made the statement that he had never smoked "within a hundred miles of Marshall". On one occasion he admitted that "of course, in the summer, when I go into the woods of Canada, the mosquitoes are so troublesome at times, that some tobacco smoke becomes an absolute



necessity". It was not necessary to add that that hundred mile limit from Marshall was entirely literal, and that "an absolute necessity" began at that hundred mile limit every year on the way north. Many a time did President Newton Wolverton buy a box of cigars at Texarkana, seventy-five miles north of Marshall, and from that point count the mile-posts for twenty-five miles. Sometimes, too, that eight month's restrained craving for tobacco was so severe that he smoked nearly all the way from that 100-mile limit to the Canadian line.

Newton's niece "Cousin Dora Goble" accompanied him to Texas for two years where she made a very efficient "Chateau-laine" of the "President's Mansion" which was a very large plantation "Mansion" of the early South.

On the return of the family to Canada in the summer of 1892, for the usual Muskoka vacation, "Cousin Dora" invited to Belle-Marie a very talented young lady, Miss Frances Matthews, as her house-guest.

Unexpectedly, Newton Wolverton and Frances Matthews fell violently in love, so, a year later, shortly after the arrival of the family in 1893, the two were married, on July 4th, 1893—the beginning of nearly forty years of the most ideal and devoted love.

In October, 1894, Newton's second daughter, Dora Ann, was born; in 1896, his third son, Jasper Matthews was born; in 1898, his third daughter, Frances Mary, was born.

The question of adequate school facilities for Newton Wolverton's growing family became a problem. The standards demanded by a man of his unusual attainments were not available in Texas at that time. Moreover, the semi-ostracism visited upon highly qualified teachers from the north, who dared to provide education for the sons and daughters of slaves; much better education than was available for the sons and daughters of the owners of those slaves; would undoubtedly be directed toward the children of those teachers, if permitted to attend local white schools.

So some of Newton's children were left in Canada to at-



tend school—indeed his eldest son entered Woodstock College as a student only three years after Newton's resignation as Professor of Mathematics, Manual Training and Chairman of Finance.

However, in 1898, Newton Wolverton decided to return to Canada—"to do something for himself, after working all his life for others". Incidentally, he refused the offer of the presidency of a very large University, at double his accustomed salary, in order to do so.

After the summer holiday in Muskoka, he lived in Lindsay, Ontario, for a few months before finally deciding on his future. Late in the autumn of 1898, he decided to take a trip to Manitoba, and while there "supplied" churches in Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie for a short time, where that winter the Dominion Government requested him to teach the Doukobors who had just arrived from Russia.

Very early in the Spring of 1899, he visited an old friend in Brandon, Dr. McKee, who had preceeded him in Woodstock, and who had later been conducting a small college at Rapid City, but had moved to Brandon.

Newton liked Brandon, and achieved an appreciation of its future as the centre of western Manitoba development. He met Senator Kirchoffer, who drove him out two or three miles to see the old Sifton Farm, where Hon. Clifford Sifton was brought up. Newton liked the place so well that he bought it for some \$13,000. He returned to Ontario, bought a car load of horses, picked up his family and moved to Brandon, Manitoba, where he arrived on June 10th, 1899.

There he operated as a farmer, and he was a good one. Under his able management that farm was built up to be one of the show places of the district. Here were born his fourth and fifth daughters, Elisabeth in 1900, and Alice Maude in 1902.

A year later Newton was intimately associated in the establishment of Brandon College, which incidentally absorbed Dr. McKee's school, and in 1901, he assisted in raising



funds whereby it became possible to erect handsome buildings. He was Treasurer for many years.

For at least a quarter of a century, Newton had been accustomed to wearing a very heavy black beard. Indeed, none of his own children had ever seen their father without that handsome beard. But the Manitoba frosts caused trouble and he decided to discard it. The effect was startling—he became a total stranger, temporarily, to all his many friends and even his own family. His eldest son, who had enlisted in the 3rd Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, at the time of the South African War, returning in the spring of 1901, absolutely failed to recognize his father for many minutes on the station platform, to the great amusement of the rest of the family who were “in on the joke”.

Late in 1901, and early in the following year Newton Wolverton interested himself in the organization and establishment of the Brandon Binder Twine Company, a farmers' organization for the manufacture of binder twine and rope. He was named President, and was the largest shareholder. He managed that factory very successfully for three years, turning out several million pounds of twine of splendid quality. However, twine was on the “Free List”, and there was no dumping clause in Customs' Regulations, and one year the great American companies accumulated an unusual surplus, which was dumped at the close of their season on the Manitoba market, at price levels 20% lower than manufacturing cost. What with hundreds of thousands in bank loans and the necessity of meeting such ruinous competition, the Brandon Binder Twine Company was forced out of business in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the president.

In 1903, the Dominion Government sent Newton Wolverton to England, Ireland and Scotland to lecture on conditions in the Canadian North-West with a view to encouraging immigration. For three months he spoke to a different audience every afternoon and evening. One story of that trip has been re-told time and again.



Newton Wolverton's eloquence in presenting the attractions of Western Canada met with severe disapproval on the part of many of the Irish land-lords. After speaking in many of the larger towns in Ireland, he was appointed to speak at a County Fair in one of the back counties, and his rostrum was an extemporized stage in the open air, where he talked to "Standing Room Only".

A riot was started by agents of the land-lords, afraid of losing tenants by emigration to "Magic Canada", and soon a merry war was raging all about the speaker. Newton could always look after himself in any melee, but was more than surprised when a huge 220 pound Irish countrywoman constituted herself his official protectress, and, swinging a man's sized shillelah, shouted to him in mixed Irish and English "Don't worry yourself. Me and me byes'll protect ye".

Newton embarked for Canada on the ill-fated "Merion" which was wrecked just outside Cork Harbour, but fortunately, without loss of life.

In 1906, a farm-land and city-plot boom developed in Manitoba and Newton Wolverton sold the Sifton Farm, and his stock of implements, horses and cattle, for upwards of forty thousand dollars cash — "much more than its intrinsic worth for farming purposes". He was immediately appointed Superintendent of the Dominion Government Experimental Farm just north of Brandon, where he carried on for more than a year.

However, the necessity for submitting every detail of his plans and operations to Ottawa before putting them into successful effect irked him and he resigned in 1907. His son had left for Nelson, British Columbia, in 1904, and reports of unusual success in the development of fruit-growing in the Kootenay District attracted Newton.

But, in the meantime, before moving his family to British Columbia, he was called back to Ontario (1907) where he was invested by McMaster University with the honorary degree of "L.L.D." after which he was always known as Doctor Wolverton.



In the Autumn, of 1907, he arrived in Nelson, British Columbia, where he very soon assumed the position of a leader in both religious and secular circles. He became heavily interested in land and development projects, not so much from a speculative point of view as with the idea of developing the country. His own home "ranch" on the lake-side about three miles from town, was for many years one of the "show places" of the district. He remained in Nelson for over twenty-two years during which time he was instrumental in organizing many public-welfare institutions at large cost to himself, as well as several land and timber development companies which promised well but some of which ended more or less disastrously through no fault of his.

Kootenay Lake was a very beautiful stretch of water peculiarly suitable for motor-boat travel. In order to stimulate the building of better boats, he and his son organized the "Kootenay Motor Boat Company" which turned out a large number of high-grade power boats, in 1908 and 1909. Newton, himself, at an age far past sixty, raced his own "My-Lady" to win the open Long Distance Endurance Race, in 1909, and his son raced the "Priscilla" to win the open Championship of British Columbia. However, the "Kootenay Flyers" were five years ahead of their time, and it was found impossible to secure a market for boats of that class at prices to cover their cost.

Another company formed for the development of a very large orchard on the Slocan River was successful for a time, but the great war ruined the market for fruit lands, developed or undeveloped, and the market for fruit as well. Some thirty-five thousand dollars put into the Kootenay-Slocan Fruit Company was therefore lost by shareholders of which Dr. Wolverton was the largest. Many thousands of his own funds were advanced to that company in an unsuccessful struggle to carry on permanently.

Some other business organizations in which he took a leading part were successful. One, the Sunset Mills, Limited, bought a very large body of timber for about \$180,000 and



the shareholders in general meeting refused a bid of half a million for the property about two years later.

He was always a staunch and leading Liberal in both Dominion and Provincial politics. In former days, he numbered among his personal friends every one of the leaders of his party in Dominion, Ontario and Manitoba circles, and after coming to British Columbia such leaders as Hon. John Oliver and Mr. Brewster were frequent visitors to Dr. Wolverton's home. He was for many years President of the Liberal Association in the Kootenay District and was responsible for a number of planks in the "Liberal Platform" including the presentation and adoption of the principle of "Proportional Representation".

Dr. Newton Wolverton maintained his leadership in Educational circles, and kept abreast of the times by omniverous reading in many subjects. He was a Charter Member of the Senate of the University of British Columbia which appointment he maintained for nine years. Most of his children were accorded college educations, one of them, Dr. Harold Wolverton, now a Medical Missionary under the auspices of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, in India, taking three degrees.

Early in the Great War, Dr. Newton Wolverton's third son, Jasper, enlisted in the Canadian Engineers, spending nearly four years at the front in France. When the recruiting party, headed by a well-known colonel from Vancouver, opened a recruiting station in Nelson, Doctor Wolverton planned and carried out a joke, to the great amusement of his intimate friends and the equally great astonishment of the eminent Colonel.

The Doctor, hale and hearty in spite of his nearly seventy years of age, presented himself for enlistment; said the Colonel — "Name please". Reply, "Newton Wolverton". "Age?" Replied the Doctor — "What difference does that make?" "Well," said the Colonel, "I would say off-hand that you are just a little beyond ordinary military age, and the only exceptions we can make are for military service.



Just what military service can you show?" Quick as a flash came the retort—"Two year's service in the Grand Army of the Republic, part of that time as Captain of Sharpshooters under Grant. Canadian service: St. Alban's Raid, Fenian Raid, and Champion Rifle Shot of the Dominion, all before you were born."

Dr. Wolverton, throughout the past sixty years, played a prominent and leading role in the history of the Baptist Denomination of the Dominion of Canada. During the past quarter century he addressed nearly every Convention held



*Dr. Newton Wolverton and his three sons—Jasper M., Alfred N., Harold A.,
July 4, 1931.*

between Winnipeg and the Coast, and maintained his prestige of leadership right up to a week before his death.

He spent the winter of 1929-30 with his eldest son in Vancouver, and then it was decided that, in-as-much as his whole family were grown-up and gone, and that three of them were



living in the City of Vancouver, he and his faithful and well-beloved wife and partner would move, for the last time, to the Coast. So, in the summer of 1930, he brought his "Lares and Penates" to the big and beautiful British Columbia city, the capital of the "Last West".

One of the first adjuncts to a properly established and conducted home was, of course, a garden. So the Doctor, in his usual thorough-going manner, planned and started the development by his own hands of a comprehensive "quarter-acre". When the bulbs and seeds began to sprout, there was prospect of great satisfaction at maturity.

But there's many a slip—early one bright Sunday morning, the family were hastily roused to "Come, see the beautiful pheasant—isn't he the proud, handsome fellow?"

On an adjournment to the garden after church, however, it was disclosed that that pheasant had carefully and methodically dug up some scores of bulbs and budding plants, with consequent disaster to the carefully planned garden. When a daughter of the house ejaculated, in the face of such ruin—"Dad—proud handsome fellow, eh?" it was too much. "Dratted nuisance, I'd call him. Let him show himself again and I'll wring his confounded neck", was the retort.

Doctor Wolverton carried on in the most clear-headed and forceful manner his presidency and chairmanship of a number of companies which he had assisted in founding many years before, but in which his financial interest had diminished in later years. His participation in the activities of the Baptist Church continued daily and weekly and his kindly counsel continued to be freely solicited and freely given right to the last. He continued his omniverous reading of a wide diversity of subjects, and even for the purpose of mental recreation, again translated a number of the books of the Bible from the original Greek.

On July 4th, 1931, the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Doctor's wedding to that talented young lady, "Cousin Dora's" house-guest of forty years ago in Muskoka, but



Dr. and Mrs. Newton Wolverson and family, July 4, 1931, the 38th anniversary of their wedding. Every son—every daughter, but one—every daughter-in-law—every son-in-law, but one—and every grandchild—was present. Only one death—the Doctor's first wife—had occurred in the Doctor's family in 52 years.



now a silver-haired Princess, a family re-union was held at the beautiful home on Sperling Street, Point Grey.

There had been but one death in Doctor Wolverton's family in fifty-two years, and none for over forty years. There were present every son, every son-in-law but one; every daughter but one; every daughter-in-law; and every one of the fourteen grand-children—many more members of the family than had ever been gathered together before. They had come from as far afield as India and Manitoba, to extend congratulations and to express love and admiration to a well-beloved Patriarch-Husband-Father, and to a marvelous Wife-Partner-Mother, beyond compare in the Dominion of Canada.

Perhaps the proudest moment in the last days of the long and eventful career of Doctor Newton Wolverton, was the evening in June—in the latter part of his eighty-sixth year—when he was called upon by the entire Baptist Convention of Western Canada to make the Dedication Prayer at the Ordination of his second son, Dr. Harold Wolverton, who had already given fourteen years service in India as a Medical Missionary, under the auspices of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Society. It was, indeed, a solemn ceremony, when, before a crowded auditorium, and attended by twenty of the most eminent Baptist clergymen in Western Canada, every one of them at least a quarter century his junior, the venerable Reverend Newton Wolverton, B.A., L.L.D., invoked Divine Blessing on the dedication of his own son to the work of God.

On Christmas Day, 1931, Doctor Wolverton and his family sat down to a bountiful dinner at the home of his son. He had not felt better in years.

On New Year's Day the family gathered at the Doctor's own home, where the Doctor presided at table—the life of the party.

On Tuesday, January 26th, 1932, he contracted a severe chill, to be followed by several more of a similar character



during subsequent days, but not considered particularly serious until the following Saturday.

On Friday evening he discussed current international politics, several matters of business, and his own condition. His son told him that he planned to attend the Annual Dinner



DR. AND MRS. NEWTON WOLVERTON

July 4, 1931, the 38th anniversary of their wedding.

of the Alumni Association of Toronto University School of Science the following evening, but hesitated to go while "Dad" was so ill.

His reply was characteristic of his lack of thought for himself. "Nonsense," he said "you go to that dinner. Give the boys my regards. Tell them I graduated from Toronto University before many of them were born, but if the "School" had been established before I graduated, I would have enjoyed mastering every one of those sixteen branches of mathematics in their curriculum, which I had to pick up as best I could, without the aid of the 'School'. Come back and tell me who was there and what they said."

He continued—"The aftermath of these chills is pretty



severe. One of them might very easily snuff a fellow out. But it's all right. It was all settled long ago, and it will be a great adventure when it comes. Good-bye boy."

AFTERMATH

His son did not get an opportunity to tell "Dad" what the boys said—that the oldest graduate there was fourteen years junior to Newton Wolverton, but that his record at "Varsity" was still remembered in his day.

The Doctor lapsed into a deep sleep late in the afternoon of Saturday, January 30th, 1932, and with the exception of a few minutes consciousness early in the evening, gradually sank lower and lower, just like a clock running down, until at 3:10 a.m. on Sunday morning, January 31st, 1932, in the presence of his wife, four of his children, and his God, he crossed the bar into eternity.

Doctor Wolverton's funeral was one of the largest ever held at the Kerrisdale Baptist Church. Services were conducted by three eminent Baptist clergymen and six of the leaders of the Baptist Denomination in Western Canada bore his earthly body to its last long rest.

And so passed one of the most colorful and distinctive characters in Canadian History—an authority in Educational, Religious, Political, Agricultural and Business circles, whose eighty-six years of righteous leadership was daily illustrated by an unblemished life. The influence of his example will endure forever.

FINIS

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